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HENRY WARE, JR.

It does our hearts good to find in those differing so much from us in their Theology so genuine an appreciation of the Christian character of Henry Ware, Jr., as the following from the New-Englander—a work which we are always glad to see. Our readers, we know, will thank us for the whole article.

From a perusal of "Ware's Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching," from the title of some others of his published works, and from his general reputation, we had known something of him, as an earnest and effective practical writer, and as a man of serious religious spirit But it was far from our thoughts to expect to feel any strong interest in a memoir of one whose life was mostly spent in a circle of men whose theoretic views on some of the main points of Christian doctrine differ widely from our own, and, as we are constrained to believe, from the Bible. We esteem it a privilege, however, to render the tribute of our admiration and praise to true Christian excellence, wherever it may be found; and therefore we own, most cheerfully and gladly, the lively interest with which we have read again and again this simple, dignified and unambitious memoir, the modest offering of brotherly affection, written in perfect keeping with the unpretending goodness and greatness of him whom it commemorates. It is a record of the life of a Christian minister, the perusal of which, we think, can scarcely fail to quicken and instruct any one who loves, and serves, or intends to serve, in the work of the ministry, the same Master. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that we have risen from the perusal of these volumes, with a feeling of near and sacred friendship for the man, with the thought that it would have been a rich privilege to have been an occasional attendant upon his preaching, and to have been led by him to the throne of grace, and with purified and exalted views of the nature and excellence of the work of the Christian ministry. With these views of this memoir, we feel bound to give a more extended account of it and its subject, than was given in the brief notice which appearance in our pages, shortly after its publication.

It is not our purpose to give a narrative of Mr. Ware's life. Nor do we design to set forth his literary merits, which were certainly of a rare and superior order, nor to give an analysis of his pure and lovely character, which won for him, while living, a high place in the esteem of Christians of all denominations. Much less do we propose to controvert his denominational views, which, though they distinctly appear, do not occupy a very prominent place in this memoir, as they did not in his preaching. We can not indeed refrain from a smile of wonder at the traditional notion of Calvinism which passes current with the Unitarians, as the veritable creed of the orthodox in New England. And they perhaps have ready an answering smile at our misconceptions of their real practical views of truth, and our prejudice. Very well. We only hope that the time is at hand when the Unitarians and Trinitarians of New England, neighbors as they are in locality, and nearer still to each other in the world of letters will not fear to become acquainted with, and to understand and appreciate each other. Then, if they still feel bound earnestly to dissent from, and oppose, each other, as they may, the controversy will at least have the dignity of freedom from personal prejudice and of purity and comprehensiveness of doctrinal statement. Ware, however, was not, though he easily might have been, an eminent theologian. A controversy with Unitarianism over these unpretending volumes, which, while they conceal nothing, obtrude nothing, would seem to us out of place, and in very bad taste. Still less would we attempt the ungracious task of laboring to cast suspicion upon Ware's Christian and ministerial character, because his views of theology do not agree with our own. We do not feel called upon to hew down the tree, and seek, by an analysis of its sap and internal structure, to prove that its fruit, however fair it may seem, and however good it may taste, must be bad—that its apples must be apples of Sodom: nor, because other trees which grow in the same inclosure and soil appear to bring forth leaves only, will we include that this does not bear genuine fruit, and thus debar ourselves from the enjoyment and profit which it may afford.

We would not be understood to mean that Ware's religious character and life were the legitimate offspring of Unitarianism or "Liberal Christianity," distinctively considered. We do not mean or think so. Far from it. His intercourse with Christians and ministers of other denominations was frequent and familiar. He sometimes preached in the pulpits of the orthodox with great acceptance. And we are constrained to believe that he was indebted more than either he or his biographer seems to be aware, to other than distinctively Unitarian influences.

But we do not wish to discuss this point. It is sufficient, for the object which we have in view, to judge the tree by its fruits, according to our Saviour's infallible rule. Our main purpose in calling the attention of our readers to these volumes, is to set forth Ware's characteristic excellences in the discharge of the duties of that calling which was the formative idea and soul of his whole life, the calling of a Christian minister. We would approach this pleasant task, not with a self-complacent patronizing air, but with an unaffected sense of our own deficiencies by the side of this rare example of ministerial excellence.

As his biographer has well remarked, Henry Ware, Jr., was one of those in whom the man is only the continuation of the boy. Wordsworth's odd but beautiful phrase, "The child is father of the man," has exactness of meaning when applied to such men as Ware. There was nothing fragmentary, there were no abrupt changes, no marked contrasts, no dark intervals, between one part of his life and another. One part, take which we will, was like another, and the progress which was made in it was that of even, regular growth. There was also a beautiful symmetry and harmony between the parts of his mind and character. All were in keeping, and in just completeness. The same qualities of mind and heart which early showed themselves, passed over, without any specific or abrupt change, into youth and manhood. There was evident growth, ripening, strengthening, as his years glided on; but there was no characteristic difference, either mental or moral, between "little Henry Ware," and the Rev. and Prof. Henry Ware. The same seriousness of character, the same good sense, correct judgment and practical turn, balancing an imagination of not inferior power, the same method and facility in writing, which characterized the youth and the man, were seen, though without unhealthful precocity, in the boy of eight years. The same gentleness of heart, the same gentleness of action, and the same vivacity and playfulness of disposition, which characterized the child, survived in their integrity the passage from childhood to manhood. This unity and symmetry give to his mind and character, a peculiar charm. It is at once easy and delightful to look into such a mind and heart. These very peculiarities, however, are to some minds signs of mediocrity. There is an aspect of tameness which does not suit the eye that requires abrupt contrast and high colors. Yet, if the union of a broad and sound understanding, with fair poetic powers, a refined taste, a rare talent for practical execution, most amiable and gentle affections, and a pure and upright purpose, is uncommon, then Henry Ware, Jr., possessed no common mind and character.

It is implied in what has been said, that religion very early assumed its proper sway in his heart. From the very first, he was the subject of clear and decided religious impressions. The parents under whose watchful training and counsels, his early character was formed, were unusually solicitous for the early cultivation of religious feelings, and the establishment of religious habits in their children, and were watchful for opportunities to make religious impressions upon their minds. Of his mother, who died in his boyhood, he retained an affectionate remembrance. In a poem composed by him the year of her death, when he was only eleven years old, he thus speaks of her,

"O may I live like her, and like her die;
Living, to God's commands my soul apply;
Blameless and virtuous be in all men's sight,
And try to prove myself to God aright;
Dying, to his just will my soul resign,
And count the triumphs of the righteous mine.
Mother, the last commands from thee received,
(When almost at the goal of life arrived,)
And all which when alive thou didst impart,
Be ever written on my faithful heart.
Those precepts ever be my guide, my friend,
My comforter, till life's drear journey end.
If ever from my heart those words be lost,
As sand upon the foaming ocean tossed;
If e'er from virtue's path, the perfect way,
In which thou taught'st me, I shall go astray,
O! may thy sainted shade my ways reprove,
With all the kindness of thy former love."—Vol. I, p. 23.

In a poem of later date, "The Dream of Life," there are some exquisite touches by the hand of filial affection;

"There stood my bed;
There I lay waiting for a mother's kiss,
And soft good-night; then breathless sought to catch
Her last faint footstep as she slow retired;
Then drew the blanket on my face and slept.
Time in its lengthened flight has wrought such change,
That hardly could I recognize those walls;
But that sweet evening kiss, I feel it now,
I hear that soft good-night, that parting step
Still faintly fall upon my waiting ear.
. . . . . .
What darkness followed then!
. . . . . .
The sacred light of home was dimmed:
The tender smile, the voice of patient love,
The anxious counsel, the directing eye,
Cheered the sad pathway of my youth no more.
The shadow settled on my heart. The world
Had other lights, but none to fill that void;
And friends, but none that wore a mother's heart."
Vol. I, p. 24.

In a fictitious prose work, entitled Jotham Anderson, he is supposed also to refer to his mother:

"My earliest recollection of her is in the act of teaching me to pray, when she every evening took me on her knees, and, clasping my little hands, made me repeat after her my childish petitions. Methinks I still see the beautiful expression of her maternal eye, and feel the kiss, full of affection and piety, with which she closed the service. At such times she would explain to me the purposes of prayer, and teach me to love he good Being, who gave me father and mother, and made me happy. It was her practice, also, to seize the moments when my young heart was overflowing with cheerfulness and good-will, to remind me of the Father above, and direct my gratitude to him."—Vol. I, p. 25.

It was, however, to his surviving parent that he was most consciously indebted. "No human being," says his brother, "could owe more to another than Henry owed to his father." The utmost confidence was established between them; and with an earnest care, counsel and sympathy did the father regard and seek his son's improvement. Passing his boyhood and youth under such parental influences, he gave increasing evidence, as he grew in years, of being ruled by the fear and the love of God.

It bears more directly on our purpose, while it also illustrates the strength of his religious feelings, and in good part explains the unity of his character and life, that he had far back in his early remembrances, and thenceforward, the idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel. Nor was it a mere childish fancy, such as would naturally seize the mind of a clergyman's son. It was a ruling purpose, which more than any thing else gave direction unity and efficiency to his efforts for his own improvement. "I doubt, indeed," says his brother, (Vol. I, p. 10,) "whether the idea of a different one ever presented itself seriously or for any length of time, from the days when he preached a juvenile sermon of his own composition from a cradle turned on end as a pulpit, to that in which he actually assumed the office of a minister of the Gospel, and made his appearance in the sacred desk." This purpose, while it did not induce an unseemly gravity kept him through his College life in a remarkable purity and gentleness of life and manners.

For a few months of the latter part of his college course, he taught a common school at Beverly. During his residence there a revival of religion occurred. He was brought into close contact with the orthodox, and learned their views. His own religious feelings seem to have been much quickened. After leaving college, he taught a year or two in Exeter Academy under Dr. Abbott. It was here that he was brought more than ever before into the society of literary men, and on a footing of equality. It was here especially that he matured in his own mind his views of the nature and duties of the Christian ministry, and deliberately devoted himself to its sacred work. The nearer he drew to the fulfilment of this long cherished purpose, the more did he dwell upon the sacredness of the duties of the ministerial office; and with a quickened zeal, a more assiduous self-culture, and a more entire devotedness, did he surrender himself to preparation for his high calling.

Returning from Exeter to Cambridge, he gave himself wholly to studies bearing directly upon the ministerial work. The theological instruction given at Cambridge at that time amounted to little, and must have been of small moment in forming his mind and heart. The sources of his excellence were indeed far higher than any routine of theological study. While yet employed in teaching at Exeter, he had been called upon to fill the pulpit for a few weeks in the absence of the pastor, by reading sermons of his own selection, and conducting the devotional exercises. All were delighted; and a distinguished civilian, (Judge Smith) on leaving church the last Sabbath during which Ware thus officiated, remarked to Dr. Abbott, "I have attended church in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and I do not recollect ever to have been better satisfied with the exercises of four Sabbaths, than with those of this young man of yours. He will be eminent in his profession."

Yet it is illustrative of the unambitious nature of the man, that his first efforts at preaching, which were not made until a considerable time after his receiving his "approbation," made no strong impression. The same thing was strikingly shown by the fact, that there was a long interval between his first and second engagement to preach to the Second Church in Boston, over which he was afterwards ordained Pastor, Jan. 1st, 1817. Here was formed the sacred tie which bound him long and late, which was never in his own feeling sundered, nor was separated in form, until long after, through ill health, he had ceased to be able to perform pastoral duties, nor then until he had been installed in a new yet kindred office, that of Professor of Pastoral Theology at Cambridge. Even there he was only gathering up the rich fruits of his pastoral experience. He was characteristically a pastor.

Having entered thus upon a work to which his life was devoted, he was in a position congenial to his tastes, the pastor of a flock, not the most highly cultivated, nor yet ignorant, not the richest, nor yet the poorest, but composed of the middle class to whom he unambitiously thought his talent best adapted. Here we behold him, loving and beloved, and wielding a power unexpected from one so unassuming. Here we are to study him and learn the secret of his genuine strength and influence.

But let us first set before us the picture drawn by his successor, Rev. Chandler Robbins.

"The throng of worshipers swelled from Sabbath to Sabbath. The influence of the pulpit became more powerful and deep. Its invitations to holiness became more persuasive; its calls to duty more stirring; its appeals to the conscience more pungent; its discourses to the understanding more convincing; its addresses to the affections more constraining.' 'There were more splendid edifices than these old walls. There were more wealthy and fashionable and highly cultivated congregations, than that which gathered around him with attentive faces and captivated hearts. There were more graceful rhetoricians and more learned theologians occupying the sacred desk. But where was there a temple more fragrant with the breath of devotion, more beautiful with the spiritual adornings of holiness and peace? Where was there a Society more harmonious or more engaged? And where was the preacher, whose whole air, and action, and tones, were more suited to the messages of Heaven, whose discourses and whose prayers had more power of moral and spiritual effect?"—Vol. I, pp. 103, 104.

Nor will it be out of place to add the humbler testimony of an aged woman, who was an occasional listener to his preaching. She said that "she always loved to hear him preach. She did not know what it was. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance or looks. He was no great of an orator, yet every body was glad to see him come into the pulpit—There seemed to be something in him different from other men." What was it? Whence this power which did not lie in dazzling eloquence, nor flaming zeal, nor profound theology, nor graceful rhetoric, yet was unquestionably great and beneficent? This is now to be our study.

It can hardly fail to strike the reader of this memoir, that a love for the pastoral work was no small element of his efficiency. It was a long cherished love. It had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. It was not the zeal of a novice, who, because the love of God had been shed abroad in his heart, finds himself impelled forthwith to take upon him the office of a Christian teacher. Nor was it the eagerness of the aspirant after fame in the religious community, who would thus reconcile his religion with his ambition. He entered upon the duties of his profession, not because he regarded that profession as the most eligible, nor because he was driven to sacrifice his inclination to a sense of duty; but because he truly and heartily loved the work of a minister. Singularly free as he was from the mere *amor habendi*, it can with difficulty be conceived that he was led to assume the ministerial office by regard for its emoluments. Though he was by no means indifferent to the voice of human praise, yet, as appears in this memoir, he very early learned to detect and watch against this infirmity. Had a pleasant congenial, literary occupation with its meed of honor been his object, it would have been found, without assuming the arduous duties and responsibilities of a pastor, by one who was nurtured in the bosom of Harvard, and was well fitted to pursue with high success the walks of elegant literature.

Nor was there to be found in Ware that native eloquence and that freedom in promiscuous intercourse, which might incline a religious man to become a preacher of the Gospel. Just the opposite to this was true of him. To say that he loved the emoluments, the praise, the esteem, the literary occupation, the scope for eloquence and general influence which the office afforded, and that for these reasons he assumed it, is to say what no candid reader of his life can believe. He loved the work for its own sake. That love was exercised in full view of the cares of the office; and it continued, meek and uncomplaining, cheerful and strong, under the wearing, exhausting pressure of its labors. To become a minister of Christ had been the dream of his childhood, the deliberate and constant purpose of his youth. This desire had grown so habitual as to take its place, as a matter of course, side by side with his natural affections. The work of a Christian ministry required meditation on religious subjects, to which he was strongly inclined; it gave an opportunity for a kind of attachment to his fellowmen, captivating to a good man of gentle and amiable affections and strong sympathies; it connected him directly with God and Christ, and offered a field for the highest usefulness to man; therefore it was that Ware strongly and purely loved it. Seldom indeed, we think, has that love been found so strong and pure, so wholly untinged by a romantic fancy, so little debased by the mixture of unworthy aims and desires. This love for his work made it to him a source of the highest happiness. "First of all," he writes soon after his ordination, "let me tell you how happy I am, too happy I am afraid." This love for his work led him to crave more and more of it, to devise and execute continually and with eagerness, plans for the religious welfare of his people in forming and conducting Sabbath schools for the children, Bible classes for the youth, and special meetings for the instruction of those who were poor and neglected. This love for his work, led him, against the dictates of friends, to fix his residence in a part of the city otherwise undesirable. "His was a North end parish, and he must be a North end man." This love rendered his people, of all ranks and ages, the object of a devoted affection and sympathy, such as is seldom felt. Whether at home, or journeying in pursuit of health, in his native land, on the ocean, or the distant continent, his people evidently lay as near to his heart as any, if not nearer than any, other earthly object. Even when it became proper that the tie should be nominally broken, he could hardly think or speak of his people, except as those who were bound to him forever. It was enough to know that any one was his successor in the pastoral office, to awaken the strongest interest in his prosperity and usefulness. Such a love, while it is the spring of other excellencies, goes far of itself toward accounting for the throng of delighted and serious worshippers, who on the Sabbath and at other times were eager to place themselves under his instruction and influence.

Along with this trait there was in Ware a remarkable earnestness and singleness of purpose. Earnestness was characteristic of him, whether as a boy, a youth, or a man. While he spoke and thought as a boy, he yet thought and spoke, with a sobriety unusual though not unbecoming to boyhood. The same seriousness of character gave maturity and manliness of thinking to his youth, and spread itself over all the laborious years of his manhood. He lived in earnest. Death and immortality were to him familiar and animating subjects of thought. He kept the highest ends of life in view. He devoted himself to the will of his Master, to the work of self-culture, and to the highest good of men. Abhorring every thing like cant, and maintaining a constant truthfulness of character, he did yet with heroic self-sacrifice, and with a spirit of stern fidelity, devote himself to life's earnest work. This he did not as a matter of constrained and gloomy self-mortification, but because he saw a worthy object to be accomplished. Since there was good of the highest kind to be done, he aimed heartily to do it. The man was lost in the object. Even on the verge of the grave, with the full knowledge that flesh and heart were failing, that life was fast ebbing to its close, he is still found planning and executing with the eagerness and alacrity of vigorous health.

He was also peculiarly single-minded. However multifarious his studies and plans might seem, the unity of his purpose was remarkable and easily discernible. Whether engaged as pastor or professor, there was a single, earnest purpose of the highest usefulness, running through and animating all his labors, and giving unity to his employment; a purpose which found its most perfect realization in that which was the great business of life, the work of a pastor. With little of high enthusiasm in his constitution, but with the beauty, purity and elevation of a single and conscientious purpose, he gave himself in his early years to preparation for his high calling, in the way of forming plans of sermons, constructing sermons, observing and criticising the styles of different preachers, fixing in his own mind his idea of what a sermon should be both in matter and in style, habituating himself to extemporaneous speaking, getting information, studying the Bible critically, and above all in jealousy examining his own motives cultivating the religious affections, and striving after that purity of purpose and superior excellence of character which seemed to him quite indispensable in a Christian minister.

It is interesting in this view to see how calmly and cheerfully, in obedience to his ruling purpose, he set aside or indefinitely postponed his early predilections for poetic composition, which cherished and followed, as he would have cherished and followed them if he had made poetry his chief pursuit, would have gained him no mean place among the poets of America. He preferred usefulness to fame. During the latter part of his life, when laid aside from official duties, he wrote much in a miscellaneous way for the periodical press. His wife one day said to him while thus occupied, that "she wished instead of frittering away his time and thoughts in this way upon ephemeral productions, he would concentrate the same amount upon some single work, which would be of substantial value." His pleasant answer was, "Now that is your ambition for my; for my part, I am glad to do the little good I can in any way that presents itself; no matter if all is forgotten to-morrow, provided a seed is sown to day; it will germinate some time or other."

Just so single-minded was he through his whole ministerial life. He seems scarcely to have thought of anything else than his duties as a minister By such singleness of purpose was he prompted in the various plans which he was ever devising for the religious benefit of his people, in his familiar intercourse with them as well as in his public official duties. Sound-minded, self-possessed, ever on the alert, ever busy, he was always practically in earnest. We can easily imagine the unobserved yet mighty influence which would flow forth unbidden in his public ministrations from one thus earnest and single-minded. There was no ambitious nor even conscientious striving to be in earnest; but there was earnestness itself, the earnestness of a man who spoke practically to his fellow-men, on things of the greatest practical weight; an earnestness which was felt to be inseparable from the man, the earnestness of one who felt and thought what he spoke, and who spoke simply for the benefit of his fellow-men what he felt and thought. An earnestness which was felt to be real, the more deeply because unaccompanied with any flights of imagination, or fits of emotion, or ostentation of style, or attempts at philosophical novelties, could not fail to produce its own deep and wholesome effects upon the mind of the hearer.

We may not, however, separate from these qualities in Ware, his correct idea of the object of the ministry. There was in him not only earnestness and singleness, but also justness of purpose. Unhappily these things are not always together in the Christian minister. There is many an earnest and single-minded man who fails of knowing the precise object of preaching the word; many a man, who, though he has the right end in view, conceives of that end too vaguely and unsteadily for the full and wholesome effect of it upon his ministrations. On this point Ware was like himself, sound-minded and practical. He had little sympathy with those who, for the Gospel, would utter soft sentimentalisms and rapt discourses upon immortality, and who love to conduct their hearers into the moonshine of vague speculations, rather than into the sunlight of revealed truth. Said he, "I like some roughness, I should learn to sleep if my minister were never venturesome, never hazarded a bold idea or expression." And again, in a letter to his brother, the author of "Probus," he thus sets forth his views upon a graver matter, incidently treated of in that book.

"As regards the Christian delineation, I think from what occurred in former times, that your tendency may be to regard it too exclusively as a *Revelation of Immortality*, and too little as a *Remedy for Sin*. The former is the vein for speculative philosophers and for poets; the latter for real life and substantial influence, and that to which its whole power is due. The doctrine of immortality, without its stern application to the *conscience*, and the other doctrine of the world's actual depravity, would have been worth little; and the New Testament, and all the history of the Christian progress, show the great fact of regeneration to be the chief thing of pith and moment." * * * * There is no satisfactory view of our religion and its efficacy from any other point."—Vol. II, p. 178.

The deliverance of men from sin, the production of the Christian character and life in them—this in his view was the sole end of the ministry. That he did set before him and keep before him this end, more distinctly, steadfastly and singly than is common, we fully believe. And what becomes of the utility and the efficacy of the minister, if he have not this end before him. To amuse and entertain his audience with polished literary essays, to purify the taste, to inform the mind on points of science, are not the legitimate objects of the Christian minister. Useful in themselves, and proper in their place, as they are, they are not the distinctive objects of his ministry. He may accomplish these objects, and purpose to accomplish them, incidentally; but he degrades his office and destroys its whole significance, if he for a moment lets them become any part of his engrossing end. Nor should he think it his end to set forth in their theoretic form and logical proofs the doctrines of God's word, accompanied with appropriate practical inferences. Nor is it his proper aim to popularize these doctrines by any illustrations which may seem plausible and taking; nor to clothe them with the misty profundities of an extemporized philosophy to the great admiration of the unthinking. His proper object is not even to explain and enforce the word of God. This is only the means to his end. His end is not to contend earnestly for the truth, but to affect the heart and life. He deals not with an abstract, but a concrete subject, the minds and hearts of his people The rough material is placed before him, the defaced soul to be fashioned anew after the pure and perfect image of his Redeemer. So thought Ware, and therefore the business of a minister was to him a grave and earnest business, beyond the maintenance of any assumed professional gravity, beyond any philosophic or theologic interest in the truth. He cared for nothing which did not stir the soul to some good practical end. The simplicity and sincerity with which he yielded himself to this end, and intensely stretched his powers for it, was what characterized him as preacher and pastor, gave profound effect to his ministrations, and finally wore him out in the service. And when he assumed the professor's chair, in the height of his reputation, and amid high-raised expectations, the critical eyes of Cambridge students could discover nothing but the simple, unambitious, earnest desire of the highest usefulness in preparing them for the same work; a conviction which could hardly fail to produce upon their minds, as it had done upon the popular mind, a profound impression in favor of the man, and of the justness and moment of his object.

With regard to the means by which Mr. Ware tried to meet an object so high and arduous, he was correct, almost to singularity, in his high estimate of the importance of superior religious excellence in the minister. This opinion was uniformly acted upon, and frequently expressed by him, at all periods of his life, and was constantly enjoined upon students in theology under his instruction. It is expressed very fully in a letter to his own son, then about to make choice of his father's profession. "To make a good and happy minister, a man must be such from taste and affection; he must be a religious man first; he must be a minister because impelled to be so by his religion, and not be religious because impelled to be so by his profession. I could be happy, therefore, in encouraging you to this great step, just in proportion as I had cause to believe that an interest in religious things had become the chief and moving concern in your mind." No minister, we suppose, was ever more free from professional airs and assumptions, than Ware. None we believe was ever more successful than he in performing his ministerial duties, simply as a religious man speaking to his fellow-men, and telling them of that which he himself had experienced, and summoning them to embrace the same faith, to taste the same joys, gain the same victories and conquests, and obedience to his ruling purpose, he set aside or indefinitely postponed his early predilections for poetic composition, which cherished and followed, as he would have cherished and followed them if he had made poetry his chief pursuit, would have gained him no mean place among the poets of America. He preferred usefulness to fame. During the latter part of his life, when laid aside from official duties, he wrote much in a miscellaneous way for the periodical press. His wife one day said to him while thus occupied, that "she wished instead of frittering away his time and thoughts in this way upon ephemeral productions, he would concentrate the same amount upon some single work, which would be of substantial value." His pleasant answer was, "Now that is your ambition for my; for my part, I am glad to do the little good I can in any way that presents itself; no matter if all is forgotten to-morrow, provided a seed is sown to day; it will germinate some time or other."

Just so single-minded was he through his whole ministerial life. He seems scarcely to have thought of anything else than his duties as a minister By such singleness of purpose was he prompted in the various plans which he was ever devising for the religious benefit of his people, in his familiar intercourse with them as well as in his public official duties. Sound-minded, self-possessed, ever on the alert, ever busy, he was always practically in earnest. We can easily imagine the unobserved yet mighty influence which would flow forth unbidden in his public ministrations from one thus earnest and single-minded. There was no ambitious nor even conscientious striving to be in earnest; but there was earnestness itself, the earnestness of a man who spoke practically to his fellow-men, on things of the greatest practical weight; an earnestness which was felt to be inseparable from the man, the earnestness of one who felt and thought what he spoke, and who spoke simply for the benefit of his fellow-men what he felt and thought. An earnestness which was felt to be real, the more deeply because unaccompanied with any flights of imagination, or fits of emotion, or ostentation of style, or attempts at philosophical novelties, could not fail to produce its own deep and wholesome effects upon the mind of the hearer.

We may not, however, separate from these qualities in Ware, his correct idea of the object of the ministry. There was in him not only earnestness and singleness, but also justness of purpose. Unhappily these things are not always together in the Christian minister. There is many an earnest and single-minded man who fails of knowing the precise object of preaching the word; many a man, who, though he has the right end in view, conceives of that end too vaguely and unsteadily for the full and wholesome effect of it upon his ministrations. On this point Ware was like himself, sound-minded and practical. He had little sympathy with those who, for the Gospel, would utter soft sentimentalisms and rapt discourses upon immortality, and who love to conduct their hearers into the moonshine of vague speculations, rather than into the sunlight of revealed truth. Said he, "I like some roughness, I should learn to sleep if my minister were never venturesome, never hazarded a bold idea or expression." And again, in a letter to his brother, the author of "Probus," he thus sets forth his views upon a graver matter, incidently treated of in that book.

"As regards the Christian delineation, I think from what occurred in former times, that your tendency may be to regard it too exclusively as a *Revelation of Immortality*, and too little as a *Remedy for Sin*. The former is the vein for speculative philosophers and for poets; the latter for real life and substantial influence, and that to which its whole power is due. The doctrine of immortality, without its stern application to the *conscience*, and the other doctrine of the world's actual depravity, would have been worth little; and the New Testament, and all the history of the Christian progress, show the great fact of regeneration to be the chief thing of pith and moment." * * * * There is no satisfactory view of our religion and its efficacy from any other point."—Vol. II, p. 178.

The deliverance of men from sin, the production of the Christian character and life in them—this in his view was the sole end of the ministry. That he did set before him and keep before him this end, more distinctly, steadfastly and singly than is common, we fully believe. And what becomes of the utility and the efficacy of the minister, if he have not this end before him. To amuse and entertain his audience with polished literary essays, to purify the taste, to inform the mind on points of science, are not the legitimate objects of the Christian minister. Useful in themselves, and proper in their place, as they are, they are not the distinctive objects of his ministry. He may accomplish these objects, and purpose to accomplish them, incidentally; but he degrades his office and destroys its whole significance, if he for a moment lets them become any part of his engrossing end. Nor should he think it his end to set forth in their theoretic form and logical proofs the doctrines of God's word, accompanied with appropriate practical inferences. Nor is it his proper aim to popularize these doctrines by any illustrations which may seem plausible and taking; nor to clothe them with the misty profundities of an extemporized philosophy to the great admiration of the unthinking. His proper object is not even to explain and enforce the word of God. This is only the means to his end. His end is not to contend earnestly for the truth, but to affect the heart and life. He deals not with an abstract, but a concrete subject, the minds and hearts of his people The rough material is placed before him, the defaced soul to be fashioned anew after the pure and perfect image of his Redeemer. So thought Ware, and therefore the business of a minister was to him a grave and earnest business, beyond the maintenance of any assumed professional gravity, beyond any philosophic or theologic interest in the truth. He cared for nothing which did not stir the soul to some good practical end. The simplicity and sincerity with which he yielded himself to this end, and intensely stretched his powers for it, was what characterized him as preacher and pastor, gave profound effect to his ministrations, and finally wore him out in the service. And when he assumed the professor's chair, in the height of his reputation, and amid high-raised expectations, the critical eyes of Cambridge students could discover nothing but the simple, unambitious, earnest desire of the highest usefulness in preparing them for the same work; a conviction which could hardly fail to produce upon their minds, as it had done upon the popular mind, a profound impression in favor of the man, and of the justness and moment of his object.

With regard to the means by which Mr. Ware tried to meet an object so high and arduous, he was correct, almost to singularity, in his high estimate of the importance of superior religious excellence in the minister. This opinion was uniformly acted upon, and frequently expressed by him, at all periods of his life, and was constantly enjoined upon students in theology under his instruction. It is expressed very fully in a letter to his own son, then about to make choice of his father's profession. "To make a good and happy minister, a man must be such from taste and affection; he must be a religious man first; he must be a minister because impelled to be so by his religion, and not be religious because impelled to be so by his profession. I could be happy, therefore, in encouraging you to this great step, just in proportion as I had cause to believe that an interest in religious things had become the chief and moving concern in your mind." No minister, we suppose, was ever more free from professional airs and assumptions, than Ware. None we believe was ever more successful than he in performing his ministerial duties, simply as a religious man speaking to his fellow-men, and telling them of that which he himself had experienced, and summoning them to embrace the same faith, to taste the same joys, gain the same victories and conquests, and obedience to his ruling

His discourses from the pulpit, and none ever went deeper to my heart, I have often wondered how he could produce such astonishing results upon the minds of his audience, with the apparently simple materials he had collected. His exordium and the early portions of his address would seem almost trite and common-place, but for the beautiful transparency of the style, and the apostolic simplicity of his manner: ere long, however, these seemingly quiet, inert elements were, by some sudden yet perfectly natural and almost unperceived combination, collected like scattered rays into a focus, shedding the brightest light upon some topic of moral duty, or exhibiting in a broad glare the hideous deformity of some common sin, or kindling the flame of earnest devotion, throughout the whole assembly. And I delight to trace the beautiful analogy of his life and writings; his widely extended fame and beneficial influence on society,—a light shining far and wide,—the beaming combination of all those quiet and unpretending yet most earnest graces and virtues, which marked him from the cradle to the grave." Vol. II, pp. 273, 274.

[For the Register.]

THE DEATH OF MAN.

All Nature dies! Wide over hill and plain
The forests brown and withered meet the eye,
The flowers are gone, the birds will not remain,
The grass so green of late is pale and dry.
But what is Nature's death, though far and wide
Thou see'st the emblems of her sure decay,
To Man's, to whom in soul thou art allied;
And who but now unnoticed passed away!
In the high palace, under the open sky;
No world-wide symbols mark that He is dead,
No outward splendor draws thy wondering eye,
Yet passed there from thee all that Heaven could give,
And more than could within all Nature live!

J. V.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH SCENE.

The death of the young and interesting wife of Capt. Simmons, very soon after their arrival in California, created a feeling of profound sympathy at the time, and cannot have passed from the public mind. A friend residing in California has recently, in a letter to his wife, given a brief sketch of the scene in that distant chamber of death, and we are indebted to that lady for the privilege of communicating it to our readers. It is not in the ordinary line of intelligence from the Pacific shore,—it will touch a higher and more delicate chord in every susceptible breast. To explain an allusion which it contains, it is necessary to state that Mrs. Simmons was a native of Woodstock, Vermont. [N. Y. Recorder.

In my narrative I had prepared to speak in detail of the interesting circumstances connected with the decease of this most estimable lady, but as that is suspended for the present, for reasons already given, I will say something of her and of them in this letter. She was attacked with a fever on the very date of my first letter to you from San Francisco, and when she took my watch and miniature to keep for me, or send to you if I should be lost in the mines, she was quite unwell. I walked out with her that day, and she said she was so home-sick that she scarcely knew what to do with herself. In a day or two she was confined to the house, with what was *said to be* the Panama fever;—it was some sort of fever,—probably the common fever,—and she continued to sink under the effects of her disease, until a fortnight after, when she died, in perfect intelligence of her situation, and in the fullest composure and resignation to the will of Heaven.

When she became conscious of the near approach of death, she called her husband and brother to her bedside and told them that she did not wish to have strangers perform the last offices to her person, but selected the lady friends whom she wished to do so. Capt. Simmons asked her if there was anything that she desired which it was in his power to do for her She replied, "Yes, I desire that you may not make the acquisition of wealth your chief concern, but lay up other treasures in heaven. You may be blessed with wealth; if you are so, do not forget the poor of our native village, Woodstock. I have another wish,—a vain and foolish wish,—I ought not to express it, for it is weakness, folly,—it can, I know, make no difference as to the manner in which my body is disposed of after death,—but may I say it?—I *could* wish that I might lie in our little church-yard, by the side of brother Edward." Capt. S., in his manly and generous voice,—stifled and choking with grief,—replied, "If I live, Laura, your wish shall be complied with." "How grateful I am," said the dying wife;—"only think, Frederick," addressing her brother, "how kind Mr. Simmons is,—he says I shall be buried in our pretty little church yard, and by the side of brother Edward."

But death was gathering upon her, and as the dark shadow closed around her, the dying saint with angelic sweetness remarked, "This, then, is the Dark Valley;—why, it is not so dark after all." In a little while, composing her arms upon her breast, she passed through the "Dark Valley," to that bourne whence no traveller has returned, and to which the consecutive generations of men are hastening.

THE HEART OF UNBELIEF.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS

Night without star or eve or dawning, gloom
Intense and chill and palpable, lay spread
Where sat the Atheist, lone, within a tomb,—
Pale watcher of the dead!—

Each beautiful Belief whose living form
Within the spirit's Pantheon rose enshrined;
Each faith whose radiant wing shed sudden morn
Upon the lumined mind;

Each Hope that stood with angel finger spired
And, pointing to the illimitable sky,
Revealed in tones with inspiration fired
The Soul's great destiny;—

All to that unbelieving heart had died,
Filling with spectral shapes the haunted breast,
And left him in the midnight, sorely tried,
Watching their awful rest.

Grave seemed to shout to grave like deep to deep,
The blind worms revelled in the festering sod,
And a voice came, as death comes following creep,
"There is no Soul, no God!"

"No Soul, no God!" this wail forever more
Beat, surging o'er his rigid lips of stone,
Like the wild breakers on some wintry shore,
Making perpetual moan.

Wondering I gazed and mused and wept the while,
When Lo! a Seraph passed before my face,
And the calm beauty of his peaceful smile
With day filled all the place.

"Would'st know," he said, "why Pain and Fear and Night
With dark and desolate pinions o'er him sweep?
Learn thou that Sin clouds Heaven from human sight;
He sowed as he doth reap!

"Doubt is the eternal shade of Evil cast.
'Tis vision and the faculty divine,'
Fail when the spirit o'er its empire vast
Thrones Appetite and Crime.

"Only the ear in chord with goodness grown,
Hears the full tide of Truth's immortal hymn;
The Heart where living virtues bloom alone,
God's Angels enter in!

"Write the great law in alphabet of flames,
Found it with prophecy and palm abroad:
Doubt's awful tempests vail the tents of shame:
The pure alone see God!"

[New York Tribune.

KIND AFFECTIONS.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another; be tender hearted." It is the advantage of Christianity, that, whilst the performance of the relative duties is beneficial to others, it is no less so to ourselves. The kind and generous disposition inculcated, is not only to the comfort of others, but even, in a greater degree, to its possessor. Our happiness or misery, depend, much more, on what is within, than what is without. Those who are surrounded by temporal comforts, and, perhaps, the objects of envy to others, are often much more unhappy, than the poor and afflicted. Nothing contributes more to cheerfulness and tranquility, than universal benevolence, and kindly feelings to others. There is no root of bitterness, but, in proportion as the principle operates, will be the inward peace and comfort of the heart. Christianity is not a religion of gloom. The social affections are encouraged and sanctified. The Christian can take part in the joys, and pleasures of the youngest around him, and indulge in the innocent recreations of life. But sinful pleasures, he shuns; dangerous scenes, he withdraws from. Still, in all domestic enjoyments, he is ready to take a part, and to promote the pleasure of all about him, of those of his own age, but, specially, of the young. The world itself, can judge of such a one, and can see a beauty in the Christian character. How happy the man himself, with a heart full of generous feelings, and open to the reception of every kind sympathy. Whose placid smile, and benevolent countenance, and cheerful playfulness, endear him to all, and make him be received as a blessing wherever he goes, beloved and esteemed by all who know him. Such a man

does not reform—does not remove the scandal or repair the injury inflicted upon the cause. The brother who has visited him is tried. He is not satisfied. But he says, I have conversed with him; he acknowledges all I want him to; what more can I do?

The person *ought to know* what more is to be done. He is to obtain *Christian satisfaction*. He is to obtain evidence that the offender *really repents*—and this he cannot have, till the person reforms, and makes whatever of acknowledgement and reparation the nature of the case requires."

We are glad the Mirror has called the attention of the Christian public to this subject, and we think the papers of all denominations would do well to aid in enforcing right views upon it.

[Gospel Banner.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, June 8, 1850.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

On the whole, we have never been more pleasantly impressed with the general character and aspect of Anniversary Week, than the present year. In one important respect, it seemed to us unlike many which have preceded it. In the various meetings which we attended, there was manifest very little of the controversial, antagonistic, propagandist spirit. Even the Anti-Slavery Society, although most of the speakers, as we have elsewhere remarked, were faithful in vindicating their former reputation, in some cases seemed to have subdued the peculiar eloquence of its orators to a more genial mood. The drafts were far less heavy than usual on the objurgatory portions of the dictionary, and denunciatory adjectives of the superlative degree were, to a great extent, allowed to lie over to another season. In the meetings of different religious bodies we sometimes heard a little self-glorification which may perhaps violate good taste, but which is quite consistent with good temper. There were discussions of objects and means and failures and successes. There was no apparent want of zeal on the part of those engaged in different enterprises, but we were not present at a single meeting of any denomination in which there was any exhibition, in the bad sense of the phrase, of the sectarian spirit. The prevailing feeling and purpose were evidently of that kind which looks forward to the spread of truth and the improvement of society quite independently of any sectarian growth.

It is obvious, we think, that a great change has come over religious bodies in regard to the relations which they sustain to one another. We do not expect to see all men of one sect, nor, if it were possible, do we believe it to be desirable; but among those who have esteemed themselves the most widely apart, there is a manifest and growing disposition to fraternize and co-operate. And we think this all the more real, because so little is said of it. The old quarrels have died out. A few persons may here and there stand by the ashes and endeavor to rekindle the dying sparks into a flame, but it is an idle task. The old controversies have to a great extent passed away. There is a lull, an "era of good feeling," in the theological world. Doubtless new controversies will arise and new sects grow out of them, and in this new distribution and formation, many who before have been under hostile banners, will find themselves in the same ranks. In the mean while, we thank God for a season of comparative quiet.

This fact has taken from Anniversary Week the attraction of personal conflict and sectarian controversy, but has given in their place the higher interest which most men feel in evidently sincere, disinterested efforts to promote the great cause of religion in the world. The speeches which we heard were generally founded on those essential truths which like the bases of mountains underlie all the superficial divisions of sects. An advance has been made in religious thought. It has become less controversial, but more devotional and practical. Speeches have been less exciting, but more profitable and better fitted to secure the respect and interest of the sober and judicious.

Among the prepared discourses, the two delivered by Prof. Park of Andover were not only remarkable for their brilliancy and ability, but would of themselves alone have made the week a memorable one. The second, delivered before the Convention of Congregational ministers, was attended by such an audience as we have never seen on any similar occasion. Brattle Street Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and hundreds left without being able to enter the doors. The other discourses which we listened to, were of a very high order. The meetings in our own body were unusually satisfactory, from Mr. Ellis's discourse before the Book and Pamphlet Society on Sunday evening, to the conclusion of the week. Few things occurred which must not have been positively gratifying to all who see in these meetings, according as they are conducted, an important means either of evil or good. The meeting of the Unitarian Association was characterised, we think, by a higher level of feeling and thought, than any we ever attended. We have endeavored to impart to those who were not present, some portion of the pleasure we enjoyed, by giving as full a report as possible of several of the speeches.

The aspect of Anniversary Week, by which we were most struck, was that of its friendly and fraternal character. Men did not seem to have come up to the great gathering with any special purpose to accomplish one thing or another, but with hearts open to enjoy a meeting with friends, and minds prepared to receive profit from whatever might be heard. We believe this is the best state in which to attend such meetings. The chief advantage which any one derives from them is one which is received unconsciously. It is not that one gains new ideas, or forms new plans of action, but he meets friends, he hears what others are doing, his sympathies are quickened and freshened, he becomes aware that there are a thousand hearts seriously interested in promoting good ends, and though he might not be able to define in words what he had gained, his heart and his mind have been encouraged and strengthened. And when he returns to his solitary labors, as a ship which has touched at a harbor of the Spice Islands bears the scent and the fragrance of its shores far over the tropical seas, he carries with him inspiring influences which are felt weeks and months after the occasion is past.

Great as the interest is in these anniversaries, we wonder it is not greater. They are connected with those movements which have most to do with the formation of opinion on subjects of religion, philanthrophy and social progress. They disclose what the most active and stirring minds are doing, and from what appears in these meetings, one may foretell with much certainty what the great questions are that will be discussed a few years hence. Surely a wise man who looks forward from causes to effects, and understands the importance of a right direction at the beginning, cannot disregard occasions which have such an important bearing on the great interests of society.

These meetings derive interest from another fact. They are composed to a remarkable degree, of the most solid, intelligent and religious minded and influential persons of New England. We have never seen assemblies which represented more largely all that is most valuable and reliable in the New England character. Those who derive their ideas of these meetings from an occasional extravagance, or from some single weak and foolish speech which obtrudes itself on the platform, entirely misunderstand both their character and significance. The man who can impress himself powerfully on those who have here assembled will be found, before a year is over, through them to have impressed himself on the best mind and heart of New England. Those who ignore such occasions, or treat them slightingly, may imagine it to be an indication of superior wisdom, but it really indicates, either that they do not understand the occasion, or do not understand the methods through which opinions are most effectively propagated.

ANNIVERSARY ORATORS.

If any such evidence had been needed, we hold that the speaking at our meetings the present year would have put it beyond question, that the ministerial profession will compare favorably with any other forensic and extemporaneous eloquence. Whatever may be true of the pulpit, in the debates of public assemblies we think our Clergy have no reason to fear a comparison with Parliament, Congress, or the Bar, whether as respects skill, promptness, finish, or fervor. We were present at a respectable proportion of the meetings last week, and we did not hear anywhere a dull, wearisome, and scarcely a common-place speech. Without claiming any effect for our own dehortation to that effect, we may also congratulate the public that they suffered very little from lengthy, prolix speeches. There was a most praiseworthy brevity. Where the temptation is so strong, such virtue should be commended. Shall we venture the odious criticism, that we have still one further point to gain? We should desire a more wide and equal diffusion of the responsibility of speech among our brethren. A few voices—capital ones they are—are apt to be heard on all occasions. We would not have any of our wise, and especially our elder prophets, enjoy a monopoly either of silence or of modesty.

PRESENT ASPECT OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

We refer to the Society as it appeared at its late meetings in this city. Its leading managers, Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors, may be regarded in two distinct characters. They stand forth, in the first place, as staunch, fearless, uncompromising advocates of an unpopular cause. As such they engage the spontaneous sympathy and admiration that are ever ready to go forth from the human heart, (to its honor be it spoken), towards courage, heroism, inflexible steadfastness against current opinions, against the fashionable morality, against mere expediency, policy, and compromise. As champions of humanity against oppression, freedom against bondage, right against wrong, they win a deserved respect, amounting sometimes to enthusiasm. This they have formerly been to an honorable degree; and this, we feel bound to say, individuals amongst them, to some extent, still are.

In another light these men and women (for the abolition of the usual distribution of offices between the sexes is one of the favorite articles of their scanty creed,) appear as persons who have fixed their hearts once and forever on the delights of a conspicuous position before the world; and being abridged, of late, in this privilege, by the more general diffusion of what is really good and true in their tenets, are driven to unworthy, undignified and unjust, if not irreverent devices to arrest attention and perpetuate notoriety. In listening to many of their recent discussions, we have been unspeakably amazed to notice the solemnity and fatiguing frequency with which they reiterate the rudiments of Anti-Slavery doctrine, and insist on axioms of liberty all but universally accepted not only by their audience, but by the whole community. Absolutely, all that rescued some of the speeches from being the stalest repetition of elementary principles, was the sharpness of personal abuse, and the shocks given to the hearer's veneration. Originality and interest were rather expensively purchased, at the cost of good taste, good feeling and religious reverence. Not the least curious circumstance attending these harangues, going to show that they were deliberately done for effect, was that they were delivered without anything of the warmth and intensity of feeling naturally associated with the violence of the language. They sounded like the utterance of cool malice aforethought, or malice grown cool by overmuch use.

In point of genius, we fear the Anti-Slavery platform is losing ground. We have been in the habit of attending and enjoying the conventions, on account of their life and power. But with an occasional flash of fine imagery or smart indignation, these last meetings were little more than a series of dull denunciations of Daniel Webster, Moses Stuart, and William M. Rogers. The only relief to the cheap changes rung on these three names was an occasional expenditure of spasmodic energy on some such brave hypothesis as this, which formed the matter of one of their formal resolutions,—"*If* the Bible contradicts the self-evident proposition, that men are created free, then the Bible is a self-evident falsehood." One of the principal speakers displayed a very exaggerated animation in the repeated assertion that a God of oppression and injustice he would trample under his feet. Really our Anti Slavery friends must take care, or instead of losing the public consideration from extravagance, ultraism and disunion, they will begin to lose it from tame rhetoric and stupid oratory.

As to the temper of these gentlemen and ladies, we are reluctant to speak. They are thoroughly persuaded that they are very amiable persons. And we fully believe that their talk is far uglier than their real feeling. The most unfortunate exhibition of ill-nature that we have noticed in them of late was, the perceptible irritation and petulance with which they received the gentle remonstrance and nobly frank and manly advice of Mr. W. H. Channing. With that Christian sweetness, simplicity and candor, that characterize this gentleman's every word, tone and look, and win for him almost universal admiration, he ventured to suggest to them, that they provoked an unnecessary hostility, instead of securing the alliance of the best instincts of the common heart. Nobody doubts that Mr. Channing is as thorough an abolitionist as any other living man, and yet it was quite plain to us that these impracticable persons were ready to toss him overboard for differing from their special theory by the breadth of half a quarter of a hair. They were particularly severe upon him for avowing his sincere opinion, that the Church of Christ is not actually and completely dead!

The attendance at some of the meetings was large, at others thin. A regular detachment of opposition forces seemed to be stationed in the galleries to hiss; but there was no serious disturbance. Abby Folsom was detained outside the door, where she cheered, by her argumentative and lively discourse, the solitary and irksome portion of the policeman, who officially prevented her admission. Mr. Mellen, almost as serious an annoyance, was inside. One feature of the audience pained us exceedingly. In various parts of the house, we noticed groups of young boys, obviously drawn by nothing but the bad pleasure of hearing the vulgarities of the gallery, and the worst language of the platform, relishing to ecstasy every indication of disorder, and taking in pernicious lessons of irreverence and profanity, while unable to comprehend the good that qualified all the intelligible evil. Many of these boys evidently belonged to very respectable families. It is humiliating to be obliged to warn parents among our city readers against the fallacious impression, that because their children are "attending anniversaries," they are in safe and innocent company.

MEETING OF MINISTERS

FOR SPIRITUAL COMMUNION AND WORSHIP.

It was determined a year ago to hold such a meeting as this, and it was held this year, on Wednesday morning, for the first time, as introductory to the other exercises of the Ministerial Conference. The only circumstance to be regretted in connection with it seems to be that it necessarily withdraws the ministers that attend it from the general conference held at the same hour. But as the general conference meetings are held four mornings, while this occupies only one, and as the others are so amply furnished, both in numbers and speakers, from the laity, such a single division can hardly be regarded as a serious evil. If a prayer-meeting of ministers is to be held at all, it must most fitly be held then. And who can doubt that such a season of social devotion,—calling the preachers and ambassadors of Christ into a sacred and tender relation of fellowship; bringing under solemn review the obligations and privileges of their peculiar position; kindling in their hearts a spirit of mutual intercession and personal self-examination, *ought* to be held? What can we conceive less artificial, more natural, more appropriate, or calculated to yield more abundantly that very influence of sanctification and brotherly love that we most especially need?

Really if our preachers fail to be interested in such a service as this, may it not afford some color of support to the suspicion that they are more concerned for what is literary, intellectual, oratorical and public, in their high calling, than in that very essence and heart of their work which is spiritual, devotional, and pertaining to private and personal piety?

It would obviously be out of place to render any detailed report of a gathering of brethren such as this, and of the sacred words of confession, encouragement, penitence and exhortation that it called forth. But we may say that no speeches, however eloquent, uttered elsewhere in all the week, seemed to us to reach so directly into the centre and secret of the whole matter that may be supposed to have summoned these vast assemblies together, or left so permanent an impression on the *heart*, as the plain, simple, unambitious and unstudied words that were there spoken as between friend and friend, between the soul and God.

The attendance this year was not large. There were scarcely six ministers present from Boston and its vicinity. Perhaps the novelty of the occasion among the exercises of the week partly accounts for this. Some persons may have preferred the atmosphere of more ardent social sympathy and excitement that invest a larger and more promiscuous body of people. But we shall be disappointed if in future these morning devotions are not more and more prized and attended by the ready spiritual-minded and earnest members of the profession.

BURNAP'S DISCOURSES.

DISCOURSES ON THE RECTITUDE OF HUMAN NATURE. By George W. Burnap, D D. Published by Crosby & Nichols.

One's views of human nature must more than all things else determine the cast and character of his theological belief in general. In dogmatic systems, it is usual to give the first place to doctrines concerning the divine nature, and to arrange other truths as inferences from these.—Thus, in an astronomical treatise, the sun is first described, and our own world comes in its turn as one of the attendant planets. But in point of fact, it is by base lines, and other physical data derived from a knowledge of the earth, that we are able to know anything about the sun.—Equally must man study theology from himself outward. In the Kantian dialect, (which, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master,) we arrive at the knowledge of the NOT ME only through consciousness of the ME. The aphorism, "We are also His offspring," embodies the fundamental truth of theology, and we must commence our investigation of what He is by conversance with that image of Himself, which marks us as His children. The doctrine of native human depravity cannot be sincerely embraced, without blending malignant and repulsive conceptions with our notions of the Creator. The intellect may indeed perceive their incongruity with the divine character; but, if so, they will only be transferred from the nominal representation of God's attributes to the delineation of his moral government, where their discrepancy with admitted truth can be covered up by some such statement as "God's ways are not as our ways."

Dr. Burnap has done everything so well, that we will not blame the order of his works; yet the volume before us should, we think, occupy the first place, should he publish a uniform edition of his controversial writings. We know not that this is his best book; we are rather prone always to think his last the best. But it is praise enough for this, to say that it is distinguished by the comprehensive grasp and lucid arrangement of his subject matter, the close reasoning, the extensive and minute biblical learning and the directness of aim and purpose, that have characterized his former publications. He does equal and ample justice to every branch of the inquiry into human nature. The physiology of the powers and affections, the structure of language, the spontaneous beliefs and judgments of unsophisticated humanity, the modes of appeal resorted to by God both in nature and in revelation, the express and the incidental teachings of the Jewish and Christian scriptures, are carefully analysed and interrogated as to the question, whether man comes from the Creator's hands a pure or a fallen being. Sin is traced to its origin, and the identity, in its nature, causes and circumstances, of the first sin of every human being with Adam's first sin is distinctly shown. The bearings of the doctrine of man's native rectitude on the doctrine of regeneration and on the character of the gospel as a remedial system, are carefully considered. The proof texts of the advocates of the opposite theory are submitted to the most candid and searching criticism, We can find no instance in which a sneer takes the place of an argument, assertion of proof, or æsthetic considerations of scriptural authority. It is a special excellence of the work, that it is strictly scriptural, pervaded by a profound sense of the authority of the revealed word, and by constant reference to it as the ultimate arbiter in matters of doctrine. It is valuable also for its perfect fairness towards opponents, their doctrines being generally given in their own words, and their arguments quoted from their own accredited authors.

We might make some criticisms on minor matters, but none which could materially effect the character or value of the work.

We would bespeak for this volume a merited place among the standard theological literature of the day. It is the fruit of ripe scholarship and patient toil. It is, if we are rightly informed, the first extensive work which has appeared within the lifetime of the present generation on this department of religious truth. It is eminently dispassionate. It deals not with ephemeral phases of opinion, but with the subject considered in its intrinsic and permanent contents and relations. There is no reason why it should not be worth as much a century hence, as now. It comes to us with peculiar interest, as one of a series of elaborate treatises wrought out by a brother whose position at a remote outpost of our Zion must render his professional labors doubly arduous, and entitles him to our peculiar gratitude for the valuable services, which we know not how he can find time and strength to render to our whole religious community.

Anti-denominational Tone of the Remarks at the Anniversary of the A. U. A.

It was a gratifying feature of the addresses in behalf of the Association, that they contained so little of self-glorification and special pleading, and were so free from a narrow denominationalism. The fact is not without meaning. This growing aversion to sectarian aims and limitations is certain to work, hereafter, unlooked-for good to Liberal Christianity. On the occasion referred to, it appeared in three connections. It appeared first in the earnest plea for a more distinct and evangelical presentation of the doctrine of God in Christ, on the same essential basis with the positive teachings of the Church of the ages, —to satisfy the religious wants and affections of men. It appeared in what was said of the Literature of Liberal Christians, where it was distinctly maintained that it is of little or no consequence whether the various agencies now at work in the world, to expand its theology, bear a Unitarian name and label or not, so long as they serve a generous and devout spirit. And it appeared in the obviously correct position of the speaker, who held that the real success of our efforts never has been, nor is hereafter to be, in building up a sectarian organization, but in doing something to enlarge the thought and sentiment of the whole believing world, irrespective of standards of opinion.

REV. WM. MOUNTFORD'S SPEECH AT THE COLLATION.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I can not feel myself from England; I am so much at home here. And indeed out of England I am not, for still I am in England the New. And really I am at home, here. This is a very great assemblage, and yet I see all over it many, very many faces, I am quite familiar with. And I see here men by whose words of printed wisdom I have been guided from a long time past. And all round these walls, whose portraits are these? whose faces are these that look down on me here so solemnly? They are those of my fathers in the faith. Yes, like some others, who have longed for the honor of being thought to belong to Boston, I would say that myself almost I am a Bostonian.

The last time I was present at a Unitarian festival was at Boston in England, the Rev. Mr. Cotton's Boston. And there I thought of American Boston; but I thought not that I should be standing before you, this afternoon.

English Boston is not unworthy to have your city for its namesake. It is a town, a borough of some ten thousand inhabitants, in the fens of Lincolnshire; substantial, prosperous, not without antiquity, and not without a Unitarian Society of good right-minded and public-spirited men.

I saw the church, which Mr. Cotton used to preach in. It is a noble minster-like edifice, with a tower so broad and high, that it is visible a distance of some twenty miles or more, in every direction. On the top of the tower, is what is called a lantern,—a structure of stone. Once, every night, a fire used to be lighted in it for the guidance of travellers. For there was a time, when the fens round old Boston were a perilous district for the traveller to be benighted in. Formerly no tree grew in them, and there were few trustworthy roads through their marshes. It was a country without a landmark in it, and almost without a path. And at night there was a horror of darkness. But as soon as it grew dark, the fire on the church tower blazed up; and men guided themselves by it; — the fowler who had been after the wild birds over the marshes; the peasant on his way home, from the distant patch of dry land, which he had been working on; and the townsman on his return from some errand into the country, or to the distant city of Lincoln; and the stranger, who had come from among hills and valleys to find himself in a strange awful region, where sometimes the mist lay along the ground like a dusty road, and where sometimes it loomed from a distance, like some great church just visible in the twilight, and where too, every now and then, a deceitful marsh-light was to be seen, moving about like a lantern in a man's hand

But through all these treacherous appearances, and through great dangers, men were guided by the beacon-fire. But now the fire is never lighted. The tower still stands at its old height, and on its ancient foundations. But in the lantern at the top of it, there is now no use. It is a memorial of the past. No more! And it is well. For men now want most urgently from the church quite other guidance than what came from the top of the steeple. And have they it from this old church in Boston? No—nor very successfully from any other Episcopal church. And why have not they? From the same cause, for which Mr. Cotton withdrew from his old church; for the want of some freedom in it.

The light on the top of Boston tower, happened to cease, as I suppose, about the time, that John Cotton brought the light of his spirit here. Said George Herbert in his time—

> "Religion doth now on tip-toe stand
> Waiting to pass to the American strand."

And the light which came with the Puritans here, now shines back on the Old World. And from the Liberal Church of Boston, there are rays that reach the dwellings of old Boston, and the dwellers of the fen-country, and indeed over all England, and into the Lowlands and the Highlands and the glens of Calvinstic Scotland.

But there is more light needed from you yet. For, as it seems to me, there is settling on society here and in England, a religious darkness and bewilderment, to light men out of which, the Unitarian Church must chiefly be looked to. This is a season, the like of which intellectually has never been before. And it is what will make religion want its wise interpreters, more than ever before. And it is from among Unitarians that this religious help must be expected. And from amongst them it will come, I have no doubt, whenever it shall be needed. For here in this city of Boston, I see blending together religiously the right influences, and what makes me hopeful for the future. For religious purposes, I see in this city, the intellectual man yielding his thought, and the wealthy man his money, and the business man his wise and efficacious direction, and the energetic man his activity, and the community very commonly their candid consideration. A highly hopeful circumstance is this! It is a healthy state of things! It is what the next age will be religiously strong from! It is what may well make this free city, this town of Boston be religiously the hope of the world. You have yielded the world a Channing. And when the world shall need it, there will shine from amongst you yet other light than his. There is the right spirit amongst you. And whenever it is wanted, it will shine out in the needed way, I am sure. And so you will continue to be what you have been. And you will be not for a region only, and not for one country only, but on either side of the Atlantic—

> "A living light to cheer us long
> The watch-fires of the world among."

[For the Register.]

INDIANS IN OUR REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I desire to make some remarks upon an article which appeared on the 4th page of the Christian Register of the 18th inst., entitled "Revelation of Horrors," and credited by you to "J. Barker" in the "People." Barker, or whoever is the writer, makes statements of his own, but the supposed facts on which he comments, are derived from Regnault's "*Criminal History of the English Government.*" With a defence of that Government I have nothing whatever to do; but I propose to consider the single charge here presented, and to show, that the evidence adduced to support it, is pure fiction.

From the comments of Mr. Barker, it would seem that, "when the English Aristocrats found it impossible to carry on the war [of the Revolution,] and to conquer the Americans by what is generally considered the arts of *honorable* warfare, they privately bribed the Indian savages to murder by every means in their power, as many Americans as possible, and actually engaged to give them so much a piece for every American scalp," and that "the English generals carried on a regular trade with the Indians in human heads." To prove that these "Aristocrats" were guilty of these enormous crimes, a letter is cited from a Captain Crawford to Colonel Haldiman, the British Governor of Canada, accompanying eight packs of scalps.

Crawford's letter, and another document which Barker does not quote, have had a wide circulation. British, French, and American writers, have regarded them as genuine, and as affording authentic materials for our annals.

Thus, they appear not only in Regnault's work above referred to, but in Almer's Remembrancer, in Thatcher's History of Plymouth, in Ingersoll's History of the War of 1812, and elsewhere.

If, however, your readers will turn to the 25th page of the 5th volume of Sparks's Franklin, they will find the facts of the case fully set forth. The papers in question, were written by the humorous Philosopher towards the close of the Revolution, and were designed by him to *hoax* those who were ready to swallow any and every thing, which was published or uttered, at that troubled period.

So much, then, for the truth of this matter. Franklin probably never dreamed that his *jeu d' esprit* would pass current as veritable history. A word more, that justice may be done. That the British government *sanctioned* the employment of the American Indians in the war of the Revolution, no well-informed person will deny. As public sentiment *then* was, why should they not have as readily invoked the aid of the savages as of others? In the wars with France which preceded that war, Indians were employed on both sides, and without hesitation. And why should we cast blame upon England, because she, more fortunate than we were, won over the principal native tribes to take a part in the great struggle which resulted in making us a free people? We did what we could to induce the Indians to espouse *our* side in the quarrel, and actually had *our* "Indian allies" in the field. True, the Whig leaders endeavored, at first, to prevail upon the natives to remain neutral, and that they did not do so, was, at the outset, owing more to the course of those of our own countrymen who espoused the royal cause, than to any direct interference of the ministry in England. Every body knows, that the official functionaries of the time were, with hardly an exception, "Tories" or Loyalists. Thus, though seven of the thirteen governors of the Colonies at the revolutionary era, were born in America, only one of them was a Whig. Thus, too, though the five judges of the Massachusetts Court were Americans, but one of them espoused the popular side. It was so almost everywhere; and the judges, the attorney, advocate, and solicitor generals of the courts, the commissioners, collectors and pimps of the customs; the members of the executive councils, the surveyors of the forests and their deputies; and, in a word, the officers of the crown of every grade, adhered to the king. Individuals among them, who possessed commanding talents and influence, exerted both to prevent the Indians from joining the whigs, and were eminently successful.

Of this class, especially, were the superintendents of Indian affairs, and their subaltern officers, who prevailed upon the Six Nations to appear in arms, and prosecute a murderous warfare in New York and Pennsylvania, and also upon the tribes in the Southern States, to commit deeds of blood and desolation there.

Indeed, the Indians were seldom employed with the British regulars and under British officers, but almost invariably with the corps of native American Loyalists, that were raised by the great land-holders and officials, in differents parts of the country. Nor did the malign influence of such individuals cease with the Revolution.

Loyalists who held commissions under the crown, hovered upon our northern and southern frontiers, even after the organization of the present national government, and in the depth of their hate, incited the Indians to acts of rapine and murder; and engaged in schemes and plots to deprive us of important rights and territories. To them, principally, we may justly attribute the Indian wars which occurred during the administration of Washington. Our own countrymen, I therefore repeat, and not the "English Aristocrats," invited and encouraged the Indians to take part in the revolutionary strife; and upon *them* mainly rests the guilt of the damning deeds committed at Cherry Valley, Wyoming, and elsewhere. Upon Sir John Johnson, and his kinsman Col. Guy Johnson, and the Butlers—father and son,—of New York; upon McKee, Elliot, McGillivray, Panton, Bowles, and Connolly, and their associates of other sections, and not upon the "English generals,"—ought much of the infamy to be cast of "trading" in the scalps of "rebel" men, women, and children.

I have said, that we too had "Indian allies." It was so even in New England. I personally knew a chief sachem, who received a pension for his revolutionary services. The late Albert Gallatin performed his first duties to his adopted country by the side of this Indian warrior and those of his tribe who bore arms with the whigs. Lord Chatham's eloquent and withering rebuke of the ministry for employing the savage tribes of America, will occur to all. But why, previously, when *he* was minister, and during the French war, did *he* employ them? S.

Framingham, May 20, 1850.

[The above communication could not come to us from a more reliable authority than it does.]

[For the Christian Register.]

EDUCATION IN LIBERIA.

The "Trustees of Donations for Education in Liberia" were incorporated by an Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, approved March 19, 1850. Its members are, His Excellency George N. Briggs, President; the Hon. Stephen Fairbanks, Treasurer; the Hon. Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., Hon. William J. Hubbard, Hon. Joel Giles, Hon. Albert Fearing, and Amos A. Lawrence, Esq. The Rev. Joseph Tracy, not a member of the Board, is Secretary.

The Trustees are authorized to "hold real and personal estate to the value of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, the income whereof shall be applied to the promotion of Collegiate Education in Liberia, by the establishment and support of one or more seminaries of learning, and also, if necessary, to the training of proper instructors for the same, at the discretion of the Trustees."

The necessity of such a movement as that now announced, is obvious. The Republic of Liberia is now a regularly organized, sovereign and independent State, acknowledged as such by most of the leading nations of the earth, and bound to perform all the duties, domestic and foreign, of such a state. Its population comprises only a few thousand of civilized colored people from the United States, and their descendants, whose means of education have been limited; with more than a hundred thousand native Africans, who have just learned to understand the advantages of civilization, and who have placed themselves under the jurisdiction of the Republic in the hope of acquiring those advantages. A community founded so recently, and in such circumstances, must need pecuniary aid in establishing the necessary institutions of learning, civilization and religion; and the funds for that purpose can best be collected and managed in this country.

The Trustees design to give an education which shall qualify those who receive it for the study of the several learned professions, for the office of teachers and the various departments of public life, and for the scientific practice of the useful arts; differing from collegiate education in this country, only as the different circumstances of that country may be found to require.

It is intended to invest the funds in a safe and productive manner in this country, and to apply the income to the support of an institution in Liberia, to be chartered by the government there, with such instructors as may be approved by this Board.

Donations in aid of this enterprise are requested, and may be made to the Treasurer in Boston, either directly, or through any member of he Board.

By order of the Board of Trustees,

JOSEPH TRACY, *Secretary.*

Boston, May 21, 1850.

[For the Register.

MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The semi-annual meeting of this society was held in the First Church, Watertown, on Wednesday, May 22, and was very fully attended. The President, Ebenezer Hobbs, M.D. was in the Chair, and the meeting was opened with prayer at nine and a half o'clock, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Pastor of the Church.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary; and while the business Committee were preparing subjects for consideration, Rev. Mr. Hill of Waltham, chairman of a committee on Manuals, made a verbal report on the same, and Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge offered some remarks on the qualifications of Sunday School Teachers, presenting three points, love of children,—power of expression, —spirituality of character.

Rev. Mr. Frost, Chairman of the Business Committee, submitted the following subjects for discussion. 1. The Work. 2. The Encouragements. 3. Defects to be remedied. 4. Conditions of success.

On motion of Mr. Frost, it was voted that all present be invited to share in the discussion. Mr. Charles. W. Goodnow, of Concord, submitted that in future, the topics for discussion be published before the meeting.

Rev. Mr. Hill spoke on the importance of intellectual culture. The study of Natural Theology must have its place. The evidences of Christianity must be studied by the Teacher.

Rev. Mr. Frost followed, on the importance of right views of human nature and human character. The Teacher must beware of confounding the two, and, while commencing the rectitude of human nature, which God fashioned, of overlooking the depravity of character which man makes, and the fearful struggle to be waged here in life with sin.

Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge submitted whether any plan could be devised by which we might hear from the ladies, who compose two-thirds of our Sunday School Teachers; observing that much of their experience in the work would be most valuable, if communicated in a report to the Society.

Mr. Bird of Watertown presented the following resolutions, which were laid on the table to be taken up in the afternoon:—

Whereas, A large portion of Sunday School Teachers are females who take no part in the discussions, and whose experience, if made available, would contribute largely to the interest and usefulness of these meetings, therefore—

Resolved, That a Committee of ladies be appointed to receive communications containing interesting incidents concerning scholars who are, or have been under their care, or any matter they may deem useful to us as teachers, and that said Committee select from the writings such as in their judgment will best promote the objects for which we meet, and that a portion of the forenoon be set apart for the reading of the same on each semi-annual meeting.

Resolved, That every female teacher be earnestly requested to promote this object by forwarding communications, and in season for the next semi-annual meeting.

Rev. Charles Brooks spoke on the second topic, presenting some encouraging facts connected with the returns received to a Circular which, as Secretary of the Boston Sunday School Society, he had recently forwarded to every school in our denomination.

Rev. Mr. Frost on the same topic, related one or two touching incidents which went to show how the good seed of Sunday School instruction would often take root insensibly and spring up afterwards to encourage the faithful teacher.

Rev. Mr. Muzzey remarked that Teachers should not judge from the actual amount of knowledge they could impart, or the actual progress of the pupil, alone, but of the worth of the work. Simply to have prevented evil in the young by their labors was much to be considered. Simply to have kept children out of the streets and from scenes of corruption on the Sabbath by bringing them into the school, was very much. But much more was done.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Medford observed that we must not expect too much from any of our agencies. We must not be discouraged because the children make no greater progress, but ask, rather, how much we older children make, how much better *we* really are, this year, than last. He reminded us that "to mend the world was a great matter," (and we presume he has known something of the difficulty of this mending.) Yet progress was made; and, if we took periods in retrospect, we could not deny the advance. What native of Watertown, he asked, if told, forty years since, of the aspect of things, physical, moral, and religious, which to-day was to present hereabouts, would not have smiled at the bold prophecy and disbelieved! The Teacher must be hopeful, encouraged, even with little spiritual progress in the child. We must needs leave something for future generations to do.

And what was said so happily in connection about there being worse things than an East wind, of which all seemed to be complaining now, and of the fruit blossoms, some years since, which an East wind would have saved, but which a Northwest wind did kill, must be left for the encouragement of those who listened.

And then Mr. Bangs of Cambridgeport showed us the other side of the picture, and would stop these last two fast horses. He believed there was danger of our taking too encouraging a view of the case. "We must not acquiesce in the state of things." We must always feel dissatisfied. We must not rest on what is done, in a world of so much sin. We must not be contented with ourselves, or our class. There is not one of you, Teachers, who has done his duty. Go do more. Distrust yourself. In the house, or the street, or the class, you have failed. Rely more on God and Christ. Go and do more and better. Go in faith and prayer." So fell his earnest words; and we were thankful for this view too.

Mr. George Livermore of Cambridgeport wove together happily these two extremes of thought, and brought unity from seeming diversity. We could hardly state too strongly, he believed, the responsibility of the Teacher, one who was to help lead the little child to God. But he must have the hopeful view with it. He fancied that, do all we might, we should still leave something for future generations to do.

Mr. Pierpont allowed that the chasm of thought, if such there had been, was most successfully bridged over. Repel discouragement, he would still say to the Teacher. And the incident he related in connection with

THE THURSDAY LECTURE

must not be lost. A friend of his, one of our most eminent ministers, had said lately, that he found the Thursday Lecture did him harm, and he seldom went except when he preached. In utter astonishment that the Thursday Lecture should harm any body, Mr Pierpont asked him what he meant. 'Why,' he replied, 'when I go there I hear better sermons than I can write myself, and I go away dissatisfied. I can't write such sermons, as I hear there, and *I am discouraged*. We could not but feel at last, how little ground there was in the case for discouragement, when the name of his brother, which Mr. Pierpont had at first withholden, fell out slyly from his lips upon the audience, and was received, as that name is quite apt to be, with evident welcome.

And then a closing word from Mr. Bangs set the matter at rest as to any essential variance in opinion, while he related some affecting incidents from his long and successful experience in the Sabbath School, offering encouragement to the faithful Teacher to balance a life's toil.

Rev. Mr. Brooks offered some encouraging statements gathered from that steadfast friend of the cause, Mr. Foster of Portsmouth.

Mr. Wm. B. Fowle of Newton spoke of the value of the Institution in preventing moral evil, and suggested that had one tenth part as much labor been expended in preventing crime as in punishing it, or in preventing the diseases of the body as in curing them, the world would be far happier. He urged the importance of familiar conversation with the children, and spoke of the rewards of the faithful Teacher, who would go to the work in the spirit of that saying of the Master "If a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

On invitation of the Pastor, Rev. Mr Davis, the Convention adjourned at one, to the vestry, and partook of

THE COLLATION.

The Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Pierpont. The vestry was decorated with flowers and evergreens. At one end, in large letters of evergreen, was written "welcome," and the Cross, wrought in the same manner, was suspended on another wall. The tables were arranged with much taste by the ladies—and an hour passed very agreeably in social intercourse. In the afternoon Rev. J. F. W. Ware of Cambridgeport conducted

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

His text was I Timothy iv, 6,—"nourished up in the words of faith and good doctrine"—an able and effective

SERMON

of which we present the following abstract:

"Complaint is made of ignorance of Christianity and consequent skepticism among the young, and said to result from a want of doctrinal training in our Sunday Schools But there is as much skepticism in other denominations, though under a different form, whose chief instruction is doctrinal. The difficulty cannot come from a want of the inculcation of doctrines, as that term is generally used by men. It is rather the result of many and long existent causes which we cannot touch—a phase in human progress.

Still we are not to be idle, and do nothing toward the establishment of a better condition of things. But it can never be done by doctrinal teaching as it obtains in the denominations about us—by creeds, catechisms, formulas, manuals, or any of the drill or manœuvres of sects. Our Sunday Schools are not seminaries of Unitarianism—we are not to seek to cramp the aspirings of a child's spirit to our own limited perceptions, but to encourage it to the freest thought, to form a faith for itself.

Jesus is our model. He taught by no forms, he left no creed,—yet all his teaching was doctrinal, warmed into life by the spirit that glowed within him, and manifested by the whole tenor of his being. With him Doctrine and Duty were inseparable. *Faith must work.* The difficulty is our children are taught lessons, facts, statements, but not

deeds—the truths the mind receives are to have no practical application in life—no sanctifying influence on the soul.

We shall be successful Teachers—and do somewhat toward removing this skeptical tendency, only as we come to teach like Christ—and to show the quickening spirit of truth behind the letter. There must be a *life* in the Teacher, if he would *teach*—not full grown, necessarily, but a stirring of holy impulses and unfolding of spiritual powers, which shall enable him to throw life and light into his words. He is not to teach and explain what Christ taught only, but to show that these very teachings have become quickened into a new life *in him*—that he *knows* and *feels* and *loves* the truth—and teaches from the heart. This is not too much to expect of the Teacher—nor does it require anything more than what a faithful, filial, prayerful spirit may attain—not genius, not knowledge, but *living* faith.

So we must teach—and striving to grow ourselves, and to make our children outgrow us, we may hope to hasten the downfal of error, and prepare our spirit for the Day of perfect Truth."

DISCUSSION RESUMED.

The Resolutions presented by Mr. Bird in the forenoon were adopted. Messrs. Bird, Newell, Frost, Fowle and Bangs were appointed by the Chair to nominate a committee of ladies to whom they should be referred. They reported the names of Mrs. Charles Folsom, of Cambridge, Miss Elizabeth Hoar, of Concord, and Miss Harriet Farley, of Lowell, and those ladies were chosen.

Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord spoke forcibly on the importance of perseverance and effort even under apparent discouragements. Were one to abandon the work because not pleased with evident success, he would be really teaching though in the worst way. Yield to discouragement and so really attempt not the work God calls you to, and you are teaching the worst of all doctrine, and the young especially will be quick to learn from your example. If, as President Dwight had defined it, genius consisted in "the power of making efforts," so success consists in the habit of making efforts. We can neither truly acquire, nor retain without effort; and with this there is no such thing as failure. He who really desires to make another better, by the very desire has taken one great step in the work of teaching. The effort—the endeavour is the very spirit, the very doctrine to be imparted. No one ever went into a Sunday School possessing this great desire, who did not in some measure accomplish it for himself and others.

Rev. Mr. Thurston of Billerica spoke on the first topic,—of the various sources of instruction and influence now open to the young, particularly the press and the many corrupting streams which through the community are flowing in upon the youthful heart. Doctrine and duty, as the preacher had urged, the Sunday School should teach, and the young must be made to see the application of each to life.

Mr. Goodnow of Concord urged the importance of right character and example in the Teacher, as the all essential condition of success.

Mr. Hunting, of the Divinity School, defined the work of the Teacher to be, to christianize the pupil; and this he regarded as chiefly a process of developement. Spiritual affections are to be unfolded in the child. If the husbandman has only a good soil in which to plant his seed, he finds encouragement. So let the Teacher feel, while he has the good soil of the young heart from which to educe the right spirit.

Mr. Albert Fearing, of Boston, closed the discussion, expressing his strong convictions of the benefits of these gatherings and his interest in the cause. Self consecration to God he would make the all essential condition of the Teacher's success, illustrated in lives like Fenelon's or Madam Guyon, or Channing, or Ware. Without this religious consecration first, all other efforts would avail little. With it fruit must follow. This same consecration the teacher should strive to promote in the pupil. We take pains, he believed, too often to cut off the little outside vices, without going to the root. He reminded the President of

THE OLD FACTORY,

in which they had been both concerned, which having a fine location and on a good stream, still did not work successfully,—was continually out of order, and on which they had expended much labor and cost by adding new parts and patching the old. But all their endeavors had been unsuccessful, till they resolved on starting from the very foundation, with a new water-wheel, new machinery—and after that, all went well. So in the Christian life, all other efforts will be inefficient without this foundation work—this consecration.

Mr. Fearing detailed some interesting incidents in his own experience as Teacher; enforced the value of right maternal influence, and alluded to the dangers which await the young, who without good principles matured by the spirit of prayer and by early religious instruction come from their country homes to our Cities.

So went the day. And when at early evening the thanks of the Convention had been presented to Rev. Mr. Ware for his discourse and to our friends of the Watertown Society for their kind reception and christian hospitality, and we separated, representing, as we did, some twenty or thirty Societies of our Faith,—one impression, it is believed, went with us,—that the day had been well spent, and that something had been gained to the cause which gathered us in the increased interest of its friends. F. A. W.

[For the Register.]

POPULAR EDUCATION.

The Board of Education, in March last, appointed several agents, under a resolve of the legislature authorizing them to appoint ten or more suitable agents to visit the towns and school districts, for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the schools and lecturing upon subjects connected with education. The gentlemen appointed have creditably and successfully performed the duties of their agency. Their commission to labor six weeks expired the last of May. They have bestowed their labors in places which have not been officially visited by the Secretary of the Board; and there is gratifying evidence that their labors have been acceptable and useful. The leading friends of education have generously welcomed them, and co-operated with them. The Board at a recent session have reappointed Nath'l. P. Banks Esq., of Waltham, a talented member of the General Court, and Mr. Sam'l. S. Green of Boston, late Principal of the Phillips School, and a distinguished teacher. Both gentlemen will resume their labors, as agents, immediately, and continue them through the year; and from their known ability and fitness great good to our common schools may be anticipated as the result of their agency.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS. A correct Engraving of Sargent's great painting of this event has just been published by Elijah Hobart, of Boston.

Notices of New Publications.

MONTAIGNE; THE ENDLESS STUDY, AND OTHER MISCELLANIES: by Alexander Vinet. Translated, with Introduction and Notes: by Robert Turnbull. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1850.

Such is the title of the book, and in the Prefatory Note, Mr. Turnbull refers to a preceding work called "Vital Christianity" and says that his readers will find "in a modified form, some portions of that work in the present, particularly in the Introduction and in the latter part of the volume." On comparing the two works we find that the two Introductions are substantially the same, though some additions and alterations have been made. In the volume entitled "Montaigne," we then find 112 pages of new matter; and following this, 275 pages, all of which, except some brief extracts, was published before in "Vital Christianity." That is, out of 430 pages, 300 pages have already been given to the world in another form. We submit, that "some portions" of a book "in a modified form, particularly in the Introduction and in the latter part of the volume," does not suggest the idea that with the exception of a little more than a quarter, the whole work is a substantial republication of another. Those who bought the first volume and who have been drawn in by the new title to buy the second, will not think it a matter of gratitude to have been led unwittingly to pay twice for what is much the same thing. This is not the way to deal with the public. It should have been stated distinctly that this, instead of being a new work, is but the reprint of an old one, though with some alterations and important additions.

Having said thus much we will add, that the volume is a valuable one and that the Introduction and Notes increase its value. The translation appears to be well done, and the public have reason to thank Mr. Turnbull for bringing it into acquaintance with a writer of so much eminence as Vinet. For sale at Crosby & Nichols's.

COMMUNION THOUGHTS: by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

We have already referred to this volume. It is characterized, to a remarkable degree, by the pure, elevated, devotional tone of its thoughts. It is a book which no person could read without profit, and one which we commend to all whose minds are attracted to the communion service. We shall hereafter make some extracts from it.

MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE. Freeman Hunt. June, 1850.

A most useful and thoroughly prepared work. This and all other leading Periodicals may be found at Crosby & Nichols's.

HARPERS' NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, No. I. June, 1850. Price, 25 cts. Harper & Brother.

Crocker & Brewster have sent us the first number of this new Periodical issued by a firm which seems to be extending its empire over the whole empire of literature. It contains 144 pages, is well printed and promises to be a valuable work. It proposes to embrace all that is most valuable in the Periodical Literature of France, England, and America. Its price is three dollars a year.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE: by Rev. Ingram Cobbin, M. A. New York: Samuel Hueston. 1850.

We have received from Redding & Co. a splendid number of this work, which is well printed and contains a large number of well executed engravings, in great part description of Bible scenes, manners and customs. Of the value of the Notes, we can hardly judge from this single specimen. It will be completed in 25 numbers, at 25 cents a number.

MOTHERS OF THE WISE AND GOOD: by Jabez Burns, D.D., Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1850.

A work intended to encourage aid and mothers in the great work of educating their children. It contains a large number of instances of the great and blessed results of a wise and Christian maternal influence, and brings up facts which it is well for parents to ponder seriously.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION: by Benson J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1850. No. 2.

We have already described the general character and merits of this elegant pictorial work. The present number contains sketches of "Ticonderoga at Sunset," and of many other scenes connected with Burgoyne's campaign, and the earlier colonial history, in that region. For sale by Crocker & Brewster.

News from the Churches.

The First Congregational Society in Kennebunk to the Congregational Society in Standish, under the pastoral care of Rev. Edwin J. Gerry.

BRETHREN. During the course of a few months past, Providence seems to have directed the special attention of the friends of this Society, to the improvement of our house of worship. We have entered on the hundredth year of our existence as a Parish.—And while we can look back through the years of a century, and behold the fostering and protecting care of our Father, in the cheerful support which his children have been so ready to grant to it at all times, and more especially in hours of difficulty and trial and in the many and generous offerings which have been made to beautify and adorn the venerable house in which we and our fathers have worshipped, it has remained for this year to be distinguished above all others by the beneficence of which it has been the object on the part of its unwavering and devoted friends. It is to us, a deeply interesting era in our history. And while our hearts overflow with gratitude for these signal displays of the affectionate and benevolent spirit of our friends, we cannot forget that there are other societies, cherishing kindred and like precious faith with ourselves, which, from their locality, are not blessed with so many kind and steadfast friends, and are thus obliged to labor hard for the support of the institutions of the Gospel. This parish have felt a deep interest in your welfare: and it has rejoiced our hearts, that amidst all the struggles, with which you have been called to contend, the Gospel ministration has not only been maintained, but that you have also succeeded in establishing a literary institution which will do much for the promotion of useful knowledge, on a basis which we believe must be enduring. It does our hearts good, to feel, that we have it in our power to aid you, in consequence of the great liberality toward us, of an active and efficient member of this Parish.

We have just received from him the highly valued gift of a rich-toned, powerful and beautiful organ: and therefore, that which has so long lent its aid in sounding the praises of God, ceases to be needed by us in our house of worship. The principal donor of that instrument has long since joined in the worship of the house above. He is not with us to signify his wishes in relation to its disposition. He died in the faith which we love; and as we know, his wish was, in his liberal donation, to aid in the public worship of God, we have come to the conclusion, that it ought not to be diverted from that object—but that it should still speak forth the praise of God in his temple: and at a Parish meeting holden on the thirteenth instant, it was unanimously voted, that it be presented to you. The subscribers being chosen a committee for the purpose, take pleasure in transmitting herewith a copy of the vote of the Parish to that effect. The organ is one of fine tone, and well constructed; and we trust it will afford you some efficient service in the worship of the Sanctuary. We pray you to accept it, as some evidence of the sympathy of this Parish in all which concerns your interests.—And of our sincere desire that the blessing of God may rest on all your labours, and those of your devoted pastor, for the advancement of the moral and intellectual culture of man, and the promotion of the religion of the Gospel.

E. E. BOURNE.
JOS. DANE, JR.
GEO. W. BOURNE.

Kennebunk, May 15, 1850.

At a meeting of the Unitarian Society in Standish the undersigned were chosen a Committee in behalf of said Parish, to publicly acknowledge the very valuable present of an excellent organ from the Unitarian Society at Kennebunk. The society in Standish has had repeated occasions for gratitude to the society in Kennebunk. They have ever manifested the kindest disposition towards us and have often rendered us the most essenta lservice. They have now made us the most useful and valuable present we have ever received. May we show our gratitude in a manner, we doubt not would be most satisfactory to them, by our increased exertions to sustain our Pastor in his efforts in our behalf, and for the diffusion of those elevating views of Christianity, which is common with them we so highly prize.

GEORGE H. NICHOLS.
JAMES W. EMERY.
JAMES O. KEENE.

CHICAGO.—The Unitarian Society here is not large in numbers, but it seems to me to be in a good and thriving condition. Mr. Shippen, our pastor, is an independent, progressive, hopeful man. The Sunday School here is a good one for its numbers, and my impressions are very favorable of its teachers and their interest in their work. I notice particularly here a distinctive sociability and cordiality of manner and intercourse among teachers and fellow-worshippers when they meet together: I call it *distinctive* in reference to the gravity and reserve often found in eastern societies and schools.

I enjoy a cordial greeting anywhere and at any time, but I always feel as if the steps and porch of the Church and Sunday School, and the hour of their exercises, were not the place and time for much conversation upon ordinary topics.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY. Decidedly the great event of the last week in Boston has been the opening of the Mummy. Science and fashion joined hands to give Mr. Gliddon, the antiquarian, such an audience, in respect to intelligence, accomplishment and weight of character as we have very rarely seen collected in Boston or Cambridge.

On Monday Mr. Gliddon, agreeably to arrangements which he had previously made, proceeded to unwrap a lady, whose age dates back no less than 3500 years. Three lectures were devoted by Mr. Gliddon to the exhibition, in which he explained the art of Egyptian mummification as well as the hieroglyphics, with which the coffin of the mummy was covered. The mummy was obtained in Thebes for Mr. Gliddon by Mr. A. C. Haris, and reached this country about six months since. The coffin which contained it was laid upon a convenient platform in front of the audience. One of Mr. Gliddon's assistants commenced the operation of opening the coffin, while Mr. Gliddon delivered his explanations to the audience. As soon as the task of sawing this open was completed, the attention of the whole audience was intently fixed upon it. It was turned over on to the back and the upper half of the coffin removed. The mummy was then stood upon its feet on a revolving pedestal, and exhibited to the whole audience.

It came out in most perfect order. The bandages were perfect, except where the saw had torn them in cutting the case open. The outer sheet was put around the body, and laced up the back with a strip of linen tape or cloth. The front was covered with hieroglyphics corresponding to those on the outer coffin which had previously been removed.

The coffin, Mr. Gliddon said, was composed of thin layers of wood and cloth, soldered together by a kind of pitch, making a very tough and hard substance. The coffin appeared, after being cut open, as if it had been originally placed around the corpse in a plastic condition;—the two edges were sowed together on the back.

The lectures and the exhibition have proved to be exceedingly interesting, and the gratification of the audience was expressed by frequent burst of applause.

When the inner wrappages were removed, it was found that the body had been plunged in boiling bitumen, previous to the process of embalming, or ins ead of that, so that it was sadly charred and disfigured. Mr. Gliddon says this was sometimes done by the Egyptian undertakers, or funeral officials, to save labor. It was a fraudulent transaction on their part, but the fraud was concealed by the wrapping, which was exceedingly beautiful, and perfect, showing all the arts of modern surgery in bandages. The lady's name was ANCH, and, from the hieroglyphics, she would appear to have belonged to the Theban aristocracy.

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL AMONG INDIANS AND OTHERS. The following notice of this Society was unavoidably omitted in our report of the Anniversaries.

The Society held its annual meeting on Thursday afternoon of last week, Judge Shaw presiding. The Report was read by Rev Dr. Parkman and accepted. After the ordinary business was transacted, Hon. James Savage having declined re-election as the Treasurer, it was unanimously *Voted*, "That the thanks of the Society be presented to him for the assiduity and fidelity with which he has discharged the office of Treasurer for seven years."

The following officers were then chosen for the ensuing year.

Hon. Chief Justice Shaw, *President.*
Rev. William Jenks, D.D. *Vice President.*
Rev. Francis Parkman, D.D. *Secretary.*
Hon. Stephen Fairbanks, *Treasurer.*
Rev. Samuel H. Lothrop, *Ass't. Sec.*
Edward Wigglesworth, Esq. *Vice Treas.*

SELECT COMMITTEE.

Rev. Samuel Barrett D.D.; Rev. C. Francis D.D.; C. A. Bartol; S. H. Lothrop; and Edward Wigglesworth, Esq.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE. A negro was recently arrested in New York, for robbery. He was subsequently claimed as a fugitive from Maryland, and a writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out by the reputed master. Pending the proceedings on the writ, however, the alleged fugitive pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny, in the court of Sessions, and was sentenced to two year's imprisonment in the State Prison. This fact shows the estimation in which the negro held Southern slavery. [Journal.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. The following letter from the King of the Sandwich Islands, in acknowledgement of the receipt of Webster's Dictionary from the publishers, Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, has been received by them, and will be read with interest:—

Department of Foreign Relations,
Honolulu, 4th February, 1850.

Sirs: I am honored with the King's commands to thank you, in His Majesty's name, for the handsome copy of Webster's English Dictionary, received with your letter to His Majesty of July, 1849, by ship Carolus.

As a necessary consequence of the discovery of the Islands by a British Navigator, and the great numerical preponderance ever since of the Americans and the English, their common language has become indispensable, in the operations of trade, the administration of justice, and the conduct of the civil government of the Kingdom, which result, although natural and unavoidable, from an over susceptibility of national feeling, has been made a subject of recent official debate and complaint.

But that extraordinary fact does not diminish the importance of encouraging the further extension of a language, which practically has become so useful, nor the King's thankfulness to you for the acceptable present which you have sent to His Majesty.

It affords me great pleasure to have this occasion to assure you of the sincere respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be, Sirs,

Your most obedient humble servant,
R. C. WYLLIE.

To Messrs. George and Charles Merriam,
Springfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Catholic Almanac for 1850 contains the following statistical table, illustrating the growth of the Catholic Church, and Catholic Institutions in this country, for the last fifty years. It appears from this table that there has been a constant and rapid increase of Catholics amongst us. A large proportion of this increase is the natural result of immigration; "We do not believe that much of it is derived from the ranks of protestantism"

"Fifty years ago there was but one Catholic Diocese in the United States, that of Bishop Carroll. His Ecclesiastical jurisdiction extended over the whole Union. There were then only forty Priests, and they scattered over the country. The Seminary called the St. Mary's, was established at Baltimore as "a nursery of the Priesthood." The Novitiate Society of Jesus was established a few years later. A Convent of Carmelite Nuns in Charles county, Md., was then the only institution of that description, and there was no regular Catholic school for the education of females. In 1808 the See of Baltimore was made an Archbishopric, and four Suffragan Bishoprics were established at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Bardstown. A few years later a prelate was appointed to the vacant See of New Orleans, then a part of the United States. In 1820, the Sees of Charleston and Richmond were established. The College of St. Mary's, at Emmitsburgh, and others in Missouri and Kentucky, were soon established, as were also Female Academies at Georgetown, Emmitsburgh, in Kentucky, at Boston, and New Orleans. About 1830 the Sees of Cincinnati, St. Louis and Mobile were established. The force of the Catholic church, as then claimed, numbered a population of 500,000, to wit:

Dioceses.	Priests.		Population,
Baltimore	52		80,000
Richmond			
New Orleans	80		100,000
St Louis			
New York	20		150,000
Boston	8		15,000
Philadelphia,	18		35,000
Bardstown	21		30,000
Charleston	10		10,000
Cincinnati	18		30,000
Mobile	5		8,000

The following table shows the condition of the Church in 1808, 1830, 1840, and 1850, viz:

	1808	1830	1840	1850
Dioceses	1	11	15	30
Bishops	2	10	17	27
Priests	68	232	482	1061
Churches	80	230	454	1074
Stations			358	
Ecclesiastical Seminaries,	2	9	13	29
Colleges	2	8	12	17
Female Academies,	2	20	47	91

We cut the following from an "Orthodox" Exchange.

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE. "This Unitarian periodical under the editorial care of Rev. F. D. Huntington, Boston, is always characterized by literary taste, by a pleasant and kindly spirit of remark and criticism, and by a quick, yet elevated sympathy with those views of the Christian doctrine, and those phases and aspects of the Christian character, which are accepted in the denomination from the midst of whom it emanates. Its sympathies are, too, or they seem to us to be, with the better and more spiritual side of the Unitarian theology; with those preachers e. g. who would exalt Christ, and speak strongly and searchingly of the guilt of man, and his need of Redemption. Though we cannot but feel that the system it represents is radically and internally defective, that it wants the consistency, the unity, the sublimity, and the life-giving energy of the Gospel, it is at a great remove from the bold and rash Naturalism that is sometimes vended from Unitarian pulpits. The influences it brings with it are far more healthful."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY. Hon. Timothy Walker of Cincinnati has been selected as orator, and the distinguished traveller, Bayard Taylor of New York, as poet, of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, at Cambridge, on its next anniversary, (the 18th of July.)

☞ *American Unitarian Association.* The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

From a Friend,	1 00
" Auxiliary Association in Providence,	95 00
" An unknown Friend, by Rev R. C. Waterston,	5 00
" Auxiliary Association in Milton,	55 00
" do. do. in W burn,	15 00
" Unitarian Society in Northumber and, Pa., to constitute Rev Thos. S Luthrop, their pastor, a life member,	30 00
" Rev. Mr. Morison's Society in Milton,	33 00
" Auxiliary Association in West Bridgewater,	9 00
" A Friend,	2 00
" Auxiliary Association, Rev. Mr. Ellis's Society in Charlestown,	140 00
" Rev. Mr. Hall's society in Dorchester, additional,	5 00
" Individuals in Unita. Society in Haverhill, to constitute their late pastor, Rev James Richardson, Jr. a life member,	30 00
" Rev. Mr. Frost's Society in Concord,	103 00
" Auxiliary Association in Petersham,	7 00
" do. do. in Fitchburg, additional,	27 00
" do. do. in Newport R.I.	20 00
" do. do. in Dunbarton, N.H.	15 00
" do. do. in Chickopee,	85 00
" Brattle street Society in Boston,	200 00
" Auxiliary Association in Brattleboro,	20 12
" do. do. in Beverly,	42 00
" do. do. in Canton,	8 00
" Soloman Piper, Esq. to constitute Rev. Levi W. Leonard, of Dublin, N.H., a life member,	30 00

June 8.

☞ *Society in Aid of Aged and Indigent Ministers.*—The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:—

From Individuals, by A. A. Livermore,	83 00
" Misses Inches,	30 00
" A Friend, to make Rev. E. B. Hall Life Member	10 00
" " by Rev. R. C. Waterston,	5 00
" W. L. Stearns,	1 00
" New Bedford, by various Individuals,	900 00
Of which sum, from young men. $100, to make Rev. John Weiss Life Director; James Arnold $100, to make Rev. Moses G. Thomas Life Director; David R. Greene $100, to make Susan C. Greene Life Director; Thos. Mendall $100, Life Director.	
" From J. N. Bellows,	1 00
" A Friend,	50
" Wm. Livermore,	1 00
" Friends to make Rev. Thos. Dawes Life Member,	10 00
" R. P. Cutler,	10 00
" Contribution of Society in Portland,	5 00
" David Reed,	1 00
" E. B. Wilson,	2 00
" Mrs. Richards Childs,	20 00
" A Friend,	5 00
" " by G. R. Bates,	3 00
" "	50 00
" Rev. John White,	2 66

June 8. E. PEABODY, *Treasurer.*

☞ THE FAIR AT QUINCY. The ladies of the Unitarian Society at Quincy, will hold their Fair for the purchase of a new organ, at the Town Hall, Quincy, commencing upon Wednesday evening, June 12, and continuing through Thursday, and Thursday evening.

The Public generally are invited to attend, as every exertion has been made to render the occasion pleasant and successful.

june 8. 1w

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Morse's, in Tyngsboro', on Wednesday, June 12th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

june1 2ts JOS. C. SMITH, *Scribe.*

☞ *Meetings for the Prisoner at Nantucket.* Providence permitting, John M. Spear will spend Sunday, 16th inst, with his friends at Nantucket, and will speak to them, in the Unitarian Church, on the duty of *Christians to the Prisoner.* june8

☞ *The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers* will meet on Monday next, at the residence of Rev. G. E. Ellis, in Charlestown. J. B. CRUFT, *Scribe.*
june8.

☞ *Overseers of Harvard College.* A stated meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College will be held in the Council Chamber, in Boston, on THURSDAY, the Thirteenth day of June, at twelve o'clock.
ALEXANDER YOUNG, *Secretary.*
june8.

☞ *The Worcester Association* will meet, in connection with the Worcester West Associa ion, at the house of Rev. Mr. Adams, in Templeton, on *Monday, June* 17, at 4 P.M. The brethren will please notice the change of time, both as to day and hour.
T. PRENTISS ALLEN, *Scribe.*
june8.

☞ *Sunday School Society.* A business meeting of the Sunday School Society will be held next Wednesday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at No 124 Washington street. js.

☞ *The Cambridge Ministerial Association* will meet in Concord, at the house of Rev. Mr. Frost, on Tuesday next, 11th inst., at 2 P. M.
WM. NEWELL, *Scribe.*
june8.

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

MARRIAGES.

Last evening, 5th, at the United States Hotel, by Rev. F. D. Huntington, Mr. William Sprague, to Miss Ann Isabella Fuller.

4th inst, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Benjamin W. Harris, Esq., of East Bridgewater, to Miss Julia A., daughter of Mr. Robert Orr, of Boston.

In Bridgewater, on the 2nd inst, by the Rev J. G. Forman, Mr Willard A. Pratt, merchant of Randolph, to Miss Sarah Jane Crocker, of Bridgewater.

DEATHS.

In this city, of inflammation of the brain, Susan, daughter of John and Susan Sturgis Parkman, 10 yrs.

In West Bridgewater, on the 23d ult. Horace Mann, infant son of Mr Joseph Kingman, aged one year and 7 mos.

In Mansfield, May 23, Mrs Mary Hodges, aged 81 years, widow of Capt. John Hodges.

OBITUARY.

Died at Jamaica Plain, May 22nd, Mrs Abby B. Abbot, aged 33 years.

Our friend has only left us, in this bright season of her youth, with loving friends to cherish and protect her; with a heart alive to the beauties of God's creation, and kindly sympathies ever active in her fellow-creature's behalf, to join God's angels around his throne. We can feel that her spirit, still beautiful in death, is hovering over her loved ones, and that her prayers will be continually offered for them. Though the angel passed our her threshold, without giving notice of his approach, yet her pure spirit yielded up itself to God, and bowed meekly before the mandate of her Father. While the spring flowers were yet fresh and blooming in the forest, we laid her among their buds and blossoms; and with the requiem yet floating in the still air, we left her earthly body on the green earth's quiet breast; and her spirit returned unto God who gave it. [COM.

In Lexington, Miss Elinor Tufts, aged 17.

Lovely amiability of heart, correct deportment, or the fond affections of devoted friends, shield the victim of Death from his cold embrace, our young friend would now have been in the midst of life's busy scenes. But alas! the brightest and first expanding buds are often nipt by the cold touch of an untimely frost; so with our young friend. She had recently left the sports and pastimes of childhood, and had enjoyed for a brief season, the duties, amusements, and bright hopes of youth, when she was suddenly called to leave these scenes, ere a cloud had passed over her bright visions of the future, or the stern realities of life had damped the ardor of youthful feelings.

Miss Tufts seemed to possess an innate love of performing kind deeds for those who stood in need of her assistance. Ever ready to forgive those who had injured her, prompt in the performance of all her duties, she wound herself in an unusual degree into the affections of parents, teachers and companions. [COM.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 307. 12½ cents.

CONTENTS.

1. Theodore Parker—British Quarterly Review.
2. The Polynesians; and New Zealand—Edinburgh Review.
3. The Legend of Pompagne—Fraser's Magazine
4. "L'Homme Propose"—New Monthly Magazine.
5. News of the Week: The Church, &c.—Spectator.

POETRY.—Love in Death; The Swallow and the Sparrow; November Day; The Portrait.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The Great Swimmer; Observatory at Brooklyn, N Y.

Published weekly, at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts. june8

LIBRARY OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

ALL persons having books from this Library, are requested to return them *before or on Wednesday*, the 19th inst. Books may be borrowed again on Monday morning, July 22d, and during the vacation, from that time till the first Monday in the following term, (Sept. 2d,) the Library will be open every Monday forenoon to visitors, and for the delivery of Books. T. W. HARRIS, *Librarian.*
Cambridge, June 4. 2t. js

DR. CARPENTER'S WORKS.

A HARMONY of the Four Gospels, by Lant Carpenter. 1 vol.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Lant Carpenter, D.D.—Edited by Russell Lant Carpenter. 1 vol.

Sermons on Practical Subjects, by the late Lant Carpenter, D.D.

Carpenter's Reply to Bishop Magee.

Carpenter's Lectures on the Atonement.

A few copies of the above may be had at reduced prices of CROSBY & NICHOLS,
June 8. No. 111 Washington st.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THE Subscriber has just received a new supply of Books for Sunday School Libraries. He will be happy to send bundles of Books to order, from which may be selected such as are wanted. A catalogue of choice Library Books may be had on application. Every effort will be made to aid in the selection of Books, for those who cannot come to town.

BENJ. H. GREENE, Old Sunday School Depository.
June8. 3t. 121 Washing on street.

FOR THE HIGHER CLASSES IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

INTRODUCTORY Sermons on Christian Evidences, by Archbishop Whately. 1st American from the 10th London edition. This edition has been prepared by Rev. Thomas Hill, and is approved by the Middlesex Sunday School Association.

Price $1.50 a dozen. Copy furnished for examination.
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
june8. 1i2os. 111 Washington st.

COMMUNION THOUGHTS. Crosby & Nichols have just published Communion Thoughts, by Rev S. G. Bulfinch, 1 vol. Clergymen and others wishing copies for circulation, will be supplied at a large reduction from the retail price.
june8. 1i2os. 111 Washington st.

Dr. Bauer, Dentist,

—AND—

TEACHER IN THE ART OF DENTISTRY.

Office No. 561 Washington street, Boston.

A new method of inserting artificial teeth, on fine Gold plates, without extracting the roots of pivoting damaged, and of restoring decayed teeth, in the most durable manner, or of extracting them, *without pain*, and at very low prices.

Dr. Bauer in recommending his professional aid to the Boston community, begs leave to remark, that by a thorough, regular education and study in the best Universities in Germany, his long practice there, as also by several years practising with the most skilful dentists in the United States, he has acquired an experience in this art which places him among the most eminent in his profession. Dr. Bauer offers his services to insert artistical mineral teeth on fine Gold plates, pivoting with purest Gold, and to heal or extract sensitive and decayed teeth, and in each and every branch in which the aid of a practical dentist is required. Dr. B. has made it a particular rule that every patient receives a written guarantee stating the nature of the operation performed, the purity of the gold, and the genuineness of the inserted teeth, as also the term of years he warrants his work to last, and moreover he keeps a legal record in his office of his professional labors.

The skill resulting from a long practice, and the suitable accommodation in his office, enable him to execute every order, of whatever nature in dentistry it i, to the full satisfaction, as he flatters himself, of his patrons, and at the very lowest cash prices

Gold Filling one Tooth,	$ 50
Setting on Pivot with fine gold,	1 50
Setting on Plate with fine gold,	2 50
Extracting one Tooth,	25
Cleansing "	50
Extracting with Chloroform,	50
Half Set of Single Teeth, fine gold,	25 00
Whole Set of Single Teeth, fine gold,	50 00
Whole Set of Double Teeth,	60 00

☞ Teeth will be repaired at the lowest prices.
may4

Samuel Ingalls, M. D.

TREATMENT OF LUNG DISEASES,

and others, *not cured* by medicine alone.

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may18 3tis3tos

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POETRY.

HYMN.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Heavenly Father! in whose sight
Darkness flashes into light,
Gracious, from thy throne on high,
Cast on me a pitying eye:
See my soul in anguish lost,
Lost to peace, to virtue lost,
Struggling with its weighty chain,
Struggling ever, but in vain;
As some wretch, tempest o'er,
Labors to regain the shore,
So, my God, my spirit tries
From the sea of vice to rise.
Still my powers are weak to save,
Still pursues some stronger wave,
And, with a resistless sweep,
Whelms me in the foaming deep.

Long, the dupe of human pride,
Have I on myself relied;
Long sustained th' unequal strife
That defended more than life;
By such weak allies betrayed,
Now no more I trust their aid,
But to safer refuge flee,
Resting all my hopes on Thee.

God of love! my faults forgive,
Bid me hope and bid me live!
Let some dawn of light control
This long darkness of the soul;
From the temple of my heart
Bid each grovelling thought depart,
And to guard its peace supply
Steadfast faith and holy joy:
Meek repentance, in whose eyes
Tears of true contrition rise;
Gratitude, whose hands are prest
Duteous on her feeling breast:
These shall in thy sacred way
Guice my feet, long prone to stray,
Till, each meaner passion o'er,
I may tempt thy frown no more;
Nor, of youth and vigor vain,
Sow in sin, to reap in pain.

Swiftly fly the rolling year!
Till that happier morn appear
That my noblest hopes shall see
Centered, O my God! in Thee!
That shall teach my thoughts to rise
O'er the world and all its joys;
Bend of ardiest to thy laws;
Feel the worth of self-applause;
Nobly scorn each meaner care,
And in conscious virtue dare
All that comes in misery's train,
Sickness, poverty and pain,
Heedless of the hour of fate,
And prepared for either state.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IDELLA PEMBERTON.

BY REV. PHILIP P. NEELY.

'I am glad you have come William,' said Idella Pemberton to her husband, as he entered the room late one evening in November; 'I feel so lonely as the night winds beat against the walls, and Agnes has been worse all the evening. William, I know your business in town demands much of your time, yet will you not try and spare yourself from it, so that you can spend your evenings with me until our babe is beyond the danger of another paroxism? It frightens me so much when you are away. When she has recovered, I will endeavor to resign myself to your necessary absence.'

Her kind words and pleasing eyes went directly to the heart of William Pemberton, who, drawing his young wife affectionately to his bosom, replied,

'Yes, Idella, I have neglected you and our little Agnes too long. I promise you to watch with you until she is quite well. To-morrow evening I will bring out a collection of books, so that our hours of watching may pass pleasantly and profitably away.'

'You are very kind to me,' said Idella, while tears, such as she had not shed for weeks, gathered in her eyes.

William Pemberton was a young man of ardent and generous feelings. Having received a liberal education under the direction of his uncle, and possessing a handsome patrimony, he embarked in the mercantile business in the loveliest village of the South. It was there he saw Idella Chandler. She was just seventeen, and such was the gentleness and amiability of her disposition, that a few month's association was sufficient to win his affections. He wooed her, and was successful. They were as happy a pair as ever knelt before the bridal altar; and none that gazed upon him, as he stood in the manliness of youth, or on her, as she trembled beneath a robe of purest white—beautiful emblem of a spotless heart, and were united in the most hallowed relation on earth, would have dreamed that shadows would ever darken the path on whose flowery threshold they were then standing.

At the time our story opens, they were living in a retired cottage house, a short distance from town. Two years had glided by since their marriage, and the morn of their wedded love had been unclouded. The frank, ingenuous nature of William Pemberton made him the easy subject of temptation, and unfortunately his resistance was but too unsuccessful. For some weeks he had returned home late at night maintaining throughout the evening a silent and morose manner. He gave as his excuse, that the opening of his full stock of goods required his unceasing attention, and the confiding Idella, with a credulity inseparable from true affection, doubted it not. Perhaps if she had marked closely the expression of his eye, or had narrowly watched his step, the wildness of one, and the unsteadiness of the other, would have revealed with too dreadful a certainty, the fearful peril to which he was exposed. She knew that he was not as he once was, but the voice of affection whispered an excuse for him, in the worldly cares with which he was surrounded. Of his absence she had not yet complained; but when her babe sickened she ventured to plead for the company of her husband and prevailed. The recovery of Agnes was rapid. During the evenings which William passed at home, it seemed as if he and Idella had entered upon a new existence. All his former tenderness returned. He read to his wife, and hung around the couch of the little invalid: administered needful restoratives with a husband's kindness and a father's love. When the child recovered entirely, William still spent his evenings with his family, in reading or rambling. It was a season of quietude and peace. Gradually he returned to his former habits—drank deeper and deeper into the wine cup, until it cast off the bonds of moral restraint, and bound him in its damning vassalage. Idella—the gentle, the devoted Idella—was the last to believe William Pemberton a drunkard.

It was a stormy night in the winter of 1840. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and the snow fell through the clap-board roof of a miserable hovel in one of the miserable streets of——. Gathered around a handful of wasting embers in that wretched hut, was a pale woman and two children, one a daughter about fourteen, the other a son, seemingly about six years old. The mother was sewing by the feeble light of the old lamp fastened to the wall, while the daughter read to her the experience of a reformed drunkard, which had been slipped under a craggy door shutter by some unknown friend. This was the once happy Idella Pemberton, and her worse than orphan children. Her husband had drank till he was a sot—nay more, a *pauper*.

His property was gone, his kindness was gone, and upon the feeble Idella and her daughter fell the support of the family. She was a frail creature, and the sufferings of the mind, combined with those of the body, were wasting her away. It was apparent that without a change she would soon be beyond the griefs that were preying upon her bosom. Yet she murmured not. Amid the want that poured upon her, and the reproaches of her husband, she was uncomplaining.

'Oh, mother, what *shall* we do? Is there no hope for my dear father?' said Agnes, laying down the book, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

'Yes, my child, there is hope in God. He has said—"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you." In him have I confided, and in him do I still hope. He has never forsaken us altogether, nor will he while we trust in him.'

'Dear mother, how can I bear it! You are dying every day, and when you are gone, what will become of me and my poor little brother Willie? Oh, mother, can't we get father to sign the pledge?'

'Be calm, my child. The Lord is good, and should he take me, he will provide for you and your brother. You must go before him with your wants. Take your mother's wants before him through Jesus Christ. Remember that the promise is, that if you ask, you shall receive. Cast your burden on him and he will sustain you.'

'My dear mother, let us go to him *now*. Now let us kneel before him here. I feel as if he would answer our prayers. I *know* he will. Oh mother, let us try and prove him now.'

And in that lonely hour, while the wild wind was moaning piteously without, and coldness was pinching the sufferers within, did that girl and her mother bow before God, to test his faithfulness. And never did purer aspirations ascend to Heaven than the pleading of that suffering hand. Never did angel watchers assist by their mysterious ministrations in a holier cause. It was the agony of a breaking heart as it groaned under the accumulated wrongs of years. The vision of the past swept before the wretched Idella, and her soul seemed to embody all its hopes into one.

She wrestled, struggled, and wept, as if her heart was crumbling beneath the intensity of her agony. She prayed for the reformation of her husband—for it to begin then—*that moment*, wherever he might be. Her words seemed to be the raising of faith far above unbelief—the sundering of its fetters—the laying of the torn, bleeding heart before God. 'O thou righteous being!' she exclaimed, 'who hast promised help in need, hear from thy holy habitation the wretched inmates of a cold hovel. Thou who hast in the mysterious dispensations banished me from the protection of parental love, and who hast for thine own wise purposes, left me and my little ones to struggle on in misfortune and want; oh, look upon us in our misery, and answer our supplications. Oh, reclaim him around whom my heart still clings, even in his degradation, and save him from eternal wo.—Oh, righteous God! I *do* believe, help thou my unbelief! Bring him back to the path in which we once walked happily together, and——'

At that moment the door opened, and William Pemberton rushed into the arms of his kneeling wife, exclaiming—

'Oh, my suffering angel Idella, your prayer is answered. I have this night joined the Washingtonians and if there is grace in heaven to aid a poor suffering worm, my pledge shall be kept.'

'Amen,' fervently responded the bewildered, weeping wife.

'Oh, Idella! can you, will you forgive all—my unkindness—my cruelty—and from this night forward, God being my helper, I will be a sober man, and will seek to make you happy.'

'Dear husband! let the past be forgotten,' replied the happy wife, while she cried aloud in the delirium of her joy; 'let us trust in God for the future.'

'Agnes, my daughter, will you forgive your father's unkindness, and pray that I may never depart from my resolution?'

'Oh, my dear father, I will love you more than I ever did, and I will always pray for you,' said the sobbing girl, and she threw her arms about her father's neck and kissed away his tears.

'And father,' said Willie, who stood by weeping at the strange scene, 'you will let me love you and kiss you, as I do mother, won't you?'

'Yes, my son, and strive to be worthy of it too,' said the father, as he pressed him to his bosom.

The wind in its wild careerings that night, swept not over a happier house than the lonely hovel of William Pemberton. . . .

Five years have passed away, and William Pemberton, by sobriety and industry, has regained his cottage home, and there, with his pious Idella, to whose cheek the bloom of health has returned, and their children, he is spending his days in quietude and devotion

Is your husband a drunkard? Be gentle with him and pray for him. Are you a drunkard, or a moderate drinker? Remember the wife of your bosom, the children of your love, and the soul you possess, which is of incalculable worth.—May God bless this narrative to your good.

I'VE DONE SMOKING.

Our friend delivered himself thus, honestly and in earnest. As he emptied his mouth of the last cigar, our mouth became full—full of blessings.

Blessed is the man *himself*. He is more wise, more cleanly, more savory and more reasonable than when he went smoking and puffing about like a locomotive.

Blessed is the man's *wife*. She is the happier woman for the four reasons mentioned in the last sentence, and for many more. She had hoped against hope for the last puff; but it has been made at last. We seem to see her face brighten—her step is more elastic—her voice is sweeter—her welcome to her husband as he reaches home is more cordial. She has our hearty congratulations.

Blessed is the man's *house*. An unsavory spirit has gone out of it. More easily can it be kept neat and tidy. Old repellencies will repulse no more.

Blessed is the man's *apparel*. A certain fragrance has left it, but not to the sorrow of those oft in proximity with him. His wardrobe is minus a real annoyance, and plus the benediction of many a friend.

And blessed is the man's *health*. In the smoke and fire he so long kept up beneath his nostrils, he led an insidious enemy. And his whole nervous and digestive system unites in the benediction we now indite.

And blessed is the man's *pocket*. A leak is stopped. As much as before will flow in, and less flow out. We seem to hear a voice from that quarter, "there will be better days in the department of our master's dominions."

And blessed be the man's *resolution*. May it tower aloft, like a granite pillar, above all the smoke and fire that may assail it. That last puff! Be it the last! And though the smokers will not join, yet there will be enough to unite in a hearty Amen—[Traveller.

THE WONDERS OF GERMAN MECHANISM. In one of the saloons of the Royal Palace of Wurtemburg—when you cross the threshold, a white spaniel springs *barking* to the door, being moved by clock work and a spring.

Another clock represents a female figure made of porcelain, the full size of life, and natural colors. The mouth of the figure is open, displaying 12 front teeth, all numbered from 1 to 12. In the morning at 6 o'clock these teeth have disappeared, and the mouth is toothless. At 7 o'clock the lady takes a tooth from the box on her right and places it into her mouth; at 8 she adds another—and thus she continues to add one after another, till at six in the evening all 12 are in. At 7 o'clock she takes away one, and thus on, until 6 o'clock in the morning, the jaws are once more toothless. The clock is wound up once in six days. *A Barometer* is so arranged that, when it portends rain, a little man runs out of the house with an open umbrella in his hand, and when it is about to snow, he comes out with a cloak on, and an approaching thunderstorm the little man announces, by coming forth, with a prayer-book in his hand. These indications take place 12 hours in advance of the impending change. There is also a clock in one of the rooms representing a little man taking a pinch of snuff every hour, and sneezes a number of times corresponding with the hour.

LAST OF THE SLAVES IN NEW ENGLAND. The New Hampshire papers record the death at Hanover, of Mrs. Jane Wentworth, a colored woman, at the age of three score and ten. Graduates at Dartmouth will recollect her as Aunt Jenny, the wash woman, and nurse in sickness. Her parents were slaves, kidnapped when very young, and came by inheritance in possession of the family of Mrs. House of Hanover. They were subsequently sold to a gentleman in Salem, N. H., where they remained until they were emancipated by the laws of the State. Jenny was born in Hanover, in 1777, was sold with her parents, and upon becoming free, she married Charles Wentworth, a slave of Governor Wentworth. They then removed to Hanover—where they lived till their death. Jenny outlived her husband several years—and was one of the last of the African race who in our early history were held in bondage in New England.

FOR CHILDREN.

DISOBEDIENCE; OR THE AFTERNOON WITH MRS. PRATT.

When I was quite a little girl, only nine years old, my grandmother, with whom I lived, sent me on an errand to one Mrs. Pratt, whose house was more than two miles from ours. Mrs. Pratt lived on a farm, had plenty of cows and sheep, chickens and geese, and I went there to ask her if she had some yarn which she had promised to my grandmother, and which was to be woven into thick, warm cloth for winter wear. As I had no little brother or sister to play with me, I was accustomed to amuse myself alone and to take long walks, and spend whole days in the woods, taking with me a little basket of luncheon, and coming home, when the black crows went cawing back to their trees at sunset.

The road to Mrs. Pratt's was very pleasant, running past green meadows, and hilly pastures covered with sheep, by the side of brooks, through shady groves and deep woods, and now and then by a comfortable farm-house. But it was now October, and the trees had put on their red and brown and yellow trimmings; the grain fields had been reaped, the corn was stacked, the bright yellow pumpkins were piled up in large heaps, the potatoes had been dug, and men and boys were busy with carts and oxen taking the produce home to the barns and granaries. I had never been this road before—but there was no danger of losing my way. My grandmother charged me to deliver her message to Mrs. Pratt, and then to stay and play with the children, and rest an hour, but to be sure and come away so as to be at home in good season and before dark I kissed her, promised to be punctual, and walked cheerfully off on my errand.

I watched the pretty squirrels jumping over the fences, and stone walls, or busily employed under the beech trees, picking up and nibbling at the little three-cornered nuts, or stowing them away for their winter food. The birds had almost all left, excepting here and there a solitary red-breast, or a partridge who went whizzing through the trees.

I reached Mrs Pratt's, and found the good woman at home, and inquired immediately about the yarn for grandma. She said it was all ready, and she would send Jim over with it the next day. Mary Pratt, a little girl about my age, took me to see the hens and chickens, and then to the barn, which is generally the favorite resort of children in the country. There was a man threshing wheat in the barn and singing to keep time with his flail. After we had been all over the barn, and jumped about on the hay, we went into the house and saw Polly Pratt weaving, and Hannah spinning. Two little boys, Ira and Albert, were picking up chips, where Jim was chopping wood—every one was busy. I asked Mrs. Pratt if I had been there an hour. It seemed to me that it was growing dark, and that it was time to go home. She said it was not time yet, and I must stay and have some supper. I said no, as grandma had told me not to. But still I waited a little longer. How bitterly I repented of it afterwards. Mary Pratt said she would walk part of the way home with me. I was glad of this, for I began to dread the long, lonely walk. It began to grow cloudy and dark, and then I said I must go, for I was afraid it would rain; and grandma would be very much troubled if I did not come home in season, as grandpa was away, and she had no one to send for me. But I did not put on my bonnet and shawl and bid them good-bye as I ought to have done, and Mrs. Pratt did wrong in urging me to remain, as little children always think older people know best about such things. Mrs. Pratt said she would send Jim home with me after supper, for she was afraid it would rain. Sure enough in a few minutes it began to sprinkle, then to rain faster and faster. I began to cry. I was very sad indeed; I thought how anxious grandma would be, how she would look out of the window, to watch me coming up the road, and how grieved she would be to think I was out in the rain, when I, naughty child, had not even left Mrs. Pratt's. Bye-and-bye we had supper. Polly made some nice slap-jacks, as she called them, but I could not eat any. Mrs. Pratt said it rained so, she should be afraid to let me go home, and I must stay all night. I was now more wretched than ever; I stood at the window and watched the clouds. Though it was about the time of sunset, there were no bright streaks in the west, and I was in despair. It grew dark and lamps were lighted. I still stood at the window. After a long, long time, some one knocked at the door. Who could it be? They had no neighbor near, and what could bring any one out in such a rain? Mrs. Pratt taking a candle and shading it with her hand, went to open the door. O, how rejoiced I was when I heard my grandfather's voice, inquiring if their little Annie was there! Yes, Mrs. Pratt told him, and in came poor grandfather with a lantern in his hand, and his coat and umbrella dripping with water. He looked cold and tired. He said he did not get home till nearly dark, and then he found grandma very much distressed because I had not returned. As I was always at home in season, she feared something had happened to me on the way, and he immediately started to meet me, and had inquired at all the houses on the road if any one had seen me pass. How sorry I was that poor grandfather had to come all this way in the storm after me!

Mrs. Pratt asked him to let me stay all night, but he said I had better go with him; he did not like it because Mrs. Pratt did not send me home in season—this, however, I found out afterwards. I don't know what would have kept me there any longer, so Mrs. Pratt wrapped me up in a large shawl, and I trudged along by the side of grandpa, holding on to his coat, for I could not take his hand, as he held the umbrella in one, and the lantern in the other. The road was full of puddles of water, the wind blew with a dismal sound through the tall trees, the leaves strewed the ground, and the brooks swollen with the rain, were rushing a long helter-skelter, and the scene was as much changed since noon, as was the cold, wet, repenting child, from the gay and happy one, who went along a few hours before as cheerful and contented as the birds and squirrels. Grandmother had a nice bright fire and a comfortable supper all ready for us, and warm, dry clothes to put on; we both needed them, for we were drenched with the rain. Grandmother said nothing then about my disobedience in staying so long; she saw I was miserable enough, without any other punishment — but I was more wretched for the trouble I had caused her and my good grandfather than from pain, or cold or hunger. But the consequences of my misconduct did not end here. The next day I was suffering with a terrible sore throat, and it was two weeks before I was able to be out with the birds again. But I never forget this sad lesson, and the memory of the dismal afternoon at Mrs. Pratt's haunts me to this day. [Annie Armstrong.

FARM WORK FOR JUNE.

June will be hailed with joy by those who have been shuddering through April and May. June weather is much wanted about this time, as corn finds but little consolation in the past month. We have hardly had a hot day in planting time, and we need a hot June to give us courage. For many years the spring has not been so backward as now. Yet now it is not too late to hope for good harvests of all descriptions. Let us still trust to that Providence which never fails to provide for our wants.

We learn from all quarters that the prospect for a good supply of fruit was never better. Trees bore nothing of consequence last year; they have had a jubilee which must have recruited their strength. We are full in the faith that we should have a supply in such a year as his, though the Almanac might name it an odd year, when, some philosophers argue, we have no fair right to expect much fruit.

Tilling among corn, potatoes, and young trees should commence early, for this diminishes labor as it increases the plants. Many trees cease to extend their shoots before June passes, and if a good growth is expected the earth about them should be stirred early. You cannot hope that a young tree will grow while a mass of green sward sod surrounds it.

Carrots, parsnips and beets may be sown in the fore part of this month. The seeds should all be soaked in warm water and then mixed with plaster or ashes to separate them easily from each other. When planted, the ground should be pressed down close on the seeds. One inch of loam is thick enough if well pressed down.

Cucumbers, melons, squashes, and pumpkins, may yet be planted, with a better prospect of success than at an earlier day. Charcoal dust is good to sprinkle over the hills, for charcoal attracts the heat like a black coat, and charcoal is no favorite of flies and grubs. If a box two feet square, without any bottom, is placed over each hill, and covered with the cheapest kind of gauze, or cotton cloth, the hill will be the warmer for it, and the bugs will be excluded. This may be as cheap as killing the bugs by hand after they have done mischief to the vines.

Beans in abundance should be planted in the garden, and if they are not wanted for the table they may be threshed and ground, with corn, for the cows. More *peas* will be needed than you will have from the plants that came up in March. Peas sown at this time repay, in some measure, the labor of producing.

Fencing materials begin to rot in warm weather if permitted to lie on the ground. Good fences make orderly cattle. It is not a good policy to tempt cattle by poor fences, or to try the experiment of leaving a singal rail when three may be had. If your fences are of wood you must look to them after a high wind. [Ploughman.

TIME TO TRIM TREES.

Apple trees may be trimmed as soon as planting is over. The sap will not issue out of the wound when the leaves are growing. This is a fact in regard to grape vines also; there is no trouble about their bleeding after the leaf is out in the spring. Have a care to leave enough top on a young tree to protect it from the sun. Excessive trimming, at one time, is very injurious to all kinds of trees. We would rather see a bear on one of our apple trees than a rude man with a saw and a hatchet.

Evergreen trees may be set at any time in June; but if the weather happens to be hot and dry they will need much care. Last year we set some firs and pines in the middle of June; but they suffered more than if set two weeks sooner. We lost a few, but saved the largest number by watering them at night. They were transplanted with large sods that would retain the water and supply the roots as it was wanted. [Ploughman.

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NOTICE.

THE Summer Term, New Salem Academy, commences on Monday, June 3d, 1850. Board at the Boarding House, including Washing, can be obtained for $1,50 per week—in private families, $1,75. Instructions on the Piano Forte, in Painting, Drawing, on reasonable Terms

Rooms for the accommodation of Clubs or single persons, can always be had for boarding themselves. Such courses of economy are highly commendable and will be encouraged. Assistance will be rendered to all who design to teach the coming Winter, both in procuring Schools and in qualifying the Teachers for them. Large additions have been made to the Library and Apparatus of the Institution recently—others in contemplation—so that the Subscriber feels confident in stating—that the privileges of this Institution—in point of thorough instruction—manner and full illustration by Experiment—Economy in Expenses—Safety in Health—and industry of Students are surpassed by no other similar School in the State.

GARDNER RICE, Principal.
New Salem, June 1, 1850. 3w

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.

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REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. B. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Eden, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham.

RUFUS F. BREWER.
Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

THE Subscriber, living on a Farm pleasantly and salubriously situated, 31 miles from Boston, (easily accessible by Railroad and Stage) wishes to take into his family 6 or 8 boys, of ages from 8 to 12. His best efforts will be devoted to promote their health, improvement, and progress in their studies.

For further particulars, inquiry may be made by letter.
RICHARD S. EDES
Bolton, Worcester Co., Jan. 7th, 1850.
Jan19 1iscstf

MOUNT PLEASANT CLASSICAL BOARDING-SCHOOL, AMHERST, MASS.,

REV. J. A. NASH, Principal. The Summer Term of this School will commence on Wednesday, the last of May. For particulars, address the Principal, at Mount Pleasant.

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* * The Publishers have received from Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge, Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, and Hon. Stephen C. Phillips (President of the Boston Sunday School Society), letters, recommending the Manual in the highest terms.

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A Scripture Catechism of the Christian Religion,—stated in the words of the Bible; by Rev. Ephraim Peabody.
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The Ministry of Christ; by Rev. T. B. Fox.
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may11

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